

GING TIGER IN NEPAL (Illustrated).

EATEN TRACKS IN THE GRAMPIANS (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

11, AVISTOCK STREET. STRAND. LONDON. W.C. 2

OL. LIV. No. 1394.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1923.

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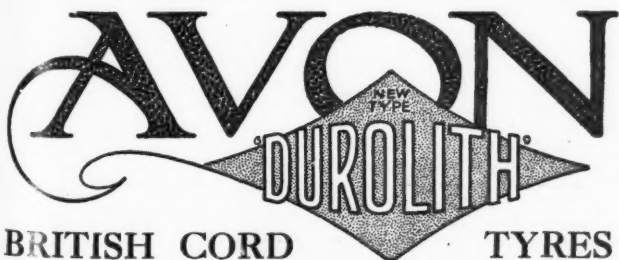
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LIV.—No. 1394.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



BERTRAM PARK,

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The St. George Expedition to the South Seas

THE Pacific Ocean possesses, hoarded up on its islands or deep buried in its ocean bed, the answers to scientific problems which are too numerous to name; and the Scientific Expeditionary Research Association, in sending out the St. George to this part of the globe, are making a sober effort towards the establishing of facts which shall lead to the solution of some of the most pressing of these problems.

The scheme of work mapped out for this cruise differs on several essential points from those undertaken by former expeditions to the Pacific. In the first place, each island visited will be studied by a body representing the various natural sciences, working together so that a general *résumé* of the whole island may be gathered from their collective evidence; and as most of the principal groups of the South Pacific islands are included in the programme instead of taking only one or two groups, the value of the information obtained is increased. Many errors are also

avoided by thus working one group of islands with another. Then, again, a definite period, varying from two to three weeks, has been allotted to each group. This, though short enough, will be fully utilised, because camping equipment will be taken ashore, thus giving opportunity for continuous work, and avoiding the loss of time entailed in embarking and disembarking daily. By this means it will be possible to work the hills in the interior of the islands, and this is decidedly advantageous.

The archaeological remains are world-famous. Throughout these irregular chains of islands, reaching from Australia to South America, there are traces of a human race which attained a certain stage of civilisation before it vanished. Easter Island, with its colossal statues on stone terraces, its houses of hewn stone dovetailed together, and the carvings on its lava rocks, supplies one of the eternal riddles of the evolution of the human mind. The intellect which created these remarkable monuments was powerless to stimulate the minds of succeeding races, as instanced by the very primitive human race now occupying the island, whose simple tools could never attempt to imitate such work, even if they had the inspiration to do so. There are stone statues on many of the other islands, also stone implements and curious burial places.

Pitcairn is another island to which a very human interest is attached, because of the romantic story of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who, in 1789, sent their captain and some of the crew adrift in a boat, and were discovered nearly twenty years later by some seal-hunters living on this island in a state of Arcadian simplicity. They were not, however, the first to colonise Pitcairn, for burial places are known there belonging to quite a remote period; those skeletons which have been excavated were found arranged so that each head rests upon a particular shell, which is supposed to have been brought from some distance, since the species is not found in that locality.

In natural history the general interest lies mainly in the method of distribution of species and their adaptation to new conditions; but each zoological group has its own special problems.

The giant land tortoises are now, alas! becoming scarce on the Galapagos Islands, from the same cause which permitted their extermination in the islands of the Indian Ocean. They, unfortunately, proved such excellent food that every passing ship would lay in a store of them, and the attempts at protecting them came too late to preserve them from extinction.

On islands in the South-East Pacific the flora and fauna are more scanty than on those in the south-west, but nearly every group of islands has its endemic forms, each with its own particular value in correlation to the whole. The formation of the islands themselves is due to different causes, some being occasioned by the subsidence of the land, some are of volcanic origin, and others built up of coral. It must, therefore, result that the forms of life which have been introduced at long intervals, and thus isolated, present a bewildering but most fascinating series of races and sub-species: and almost every species is of scientific interest.

Mere collecting of specimens will not, however, be all that is required of a body of experts. Notes, photographs, drawings and plans will be made wherever conditions permit, for it is impossible to over-estimate the value of observations and first impressions made on the spot—a fact which is emphatically urged to-day by all our scientific authorities.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Hon. Olivia Harcourt, second daughter of Viscountess Harcourt, is given as this week's frontispiece to COUNTRY LIFE. Miss Harcourt's marriage with the Hon. John Mulholland, M.C., youngest son of Lord and Lady Dunleath, is to take place on October 29th.

** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD'S phrase deserves to be remembered in connection with the man who made it. It was "The Heroic Age of Physics." The subject on which he spoke was "The Electrical Structure of Matter," a subject that never before has been reduced to the clearness and simplicity with which he laid it bare. His speech was, in a way, the summary and conclusion of work that has been going on with infinite patience and infinite ingenuity during the first quarter of the twentieth century. The atom used to be regarded as so infinitely small as to be incapable of further division. It was unimagined that division and subdivision could go farther. Sir Ernest Rutherford took us miles in front of that elementary conception. Instead of being ultimate, he found that the atom was composed of ninety-two separate elements, and told a story that would have been incredible a quarter of a century ago. The atom itself, instead of being a concrete thing, was shown to be divisible. It throws off certain elements of its own volition, so to speak, and under the bombardment to which it is subjected its construction, by a process of subtraction, can be reduced to a mere fraction of the elements of which it was previously composed.

IT was, indeed, as he said at the time, a brain wave that induced the Prince of Wales to buy a ranch in Canada. That was several years ago and he is reaping the benefit now. No one could have envied him the life that he was compelled to lead in England owing to his own great popularity. It has long been established that there is no method more certain of ensuring the success of any function than that of securing the presence of the Prince of Wales. Very good-naturedly he acceded to as many of these requests as possible, with the result that there were times when one could not open a newspaper without reading of his being present at one kind of celebration or another. Even on his happy temperament these unending calls could not but have an effect in the long run. What could be more certain to revive his drooping energies than residence for a time on a ranch in the backwoods of Canada? There he can have to his full the enjoyment he derives from farm and other animals. It is well known that he has a very lively interest in livestock and its management, and lying all about the ranch are opportunities for that outside sport, which he loves best of all, unless, indeed, the preference be given to long walking. The Prince has the assurance also that there is no part of the King's Dominions in which he is held in greater love and esteem than he is in Canada.

It would appear to most people that the words used by the Japanese Ambassador, Baron Hayashi, in referring to the disastrous earthquake, were as manly and frank as they could possibly have been. It was certainly not a time for vainglorious assertion or for making light of the very grave catastrophe, and he did not try to do so. He thanked

the English people for their sympathy and kindness, and went on to say that after this new earthquake it will take some time to reconstruct Tokio and Yokohama, but he avowed the certainty that his people will do their best to reconstruct the destroyed parts. He then went on to speak of the great earthquake of seventy years ago, when the present capital was destroyed and there was no help from the outside world. In the course of ten years Tokio was rebuilt, and the remembrance of that fact inspired the Ambassador to say, quietly and courageously, that it will again be rebuilt in the course of a few years. Incidentally, his simple words brought before his audience a vision of that widening friendship which has followed better communication between the far distant parts of the earth. Seventy years is not long in the history of a nation, and it is scarcely a pin-point in the history of the world, yet, what a change it has seen! Japan weeping over her children seventy years ago was unnoticed by the rest of the civilised world. In 1923 help and kindness began to flow in like water before the full effects of the earthquake were known.

ON BOX HILL.

From this high, wooded place behold the hills,
Fold upon gracious fold, dim-lit for night;
Deep in the darkening valley silence fills
The waiting void, as lamps are filled with light.

Now flits the bat where larks have soared at noon,
Now calls the moor-hen to her lively brood.
Forth fares the questing owl before the moon
Shall set her silver seal on down and wood.

Now lifts the purple thyme her fairy cup
Of sweet thanksgiving for the misty dew,
Far in the hedge the glow-worm fire is up,
A thousand tiny lives their joy renew.

Come closer, love, that one with wood and field,
Sweet heaven and sweeter earth we may be made,
That whatso'er of life the years may yield
Having this hour, we may not be afraid.

Nor yet of Death, nor any unknown thing
That steals upon the air on moth-like wing.

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

"THE mad Englishman" is, nowadays, a moribund phrase, whether owing to the greater circumspection of the modern Englishman or not it would be hard to say, but if there are many Frenchmen of the stamp of M. Alain J. Gerbault, people will talk of the mad Frenchman instead. This gentleman, at all events, has the dare-devil love of adventure which once was almost a monopoly of this country. For pure pleasure he started to cross the Atlantic in a 30ft. ten-ton racing cutter on April 5th. He sailed from Cannes and landed at Fort Totten, Long Island late on September 14th. He had sailed 5,600 miles in 162 days. Three great hurricanes were encountered on this voyage, and they only formed part of the difficulties he had to face. At one time he had to ration himself to one cup of water a day, the supply having run short, and on this he had to be satisfied until relieved by a soaking storm of rain. For ten days afterwards he went naked, for reasons not given. Illness supervened, and he was unconscious for forty-eight hours. When one takes into consideration that he was alone in his little ship and that he went through all this not for pelf or fame, but merely out of a love of adventure, it will be admitted that he is just as much entitled to be called "mad" as any one of the daring Englishmen, who, for such deeds, were loved and held in memory by their fellow countrymen.

OPINIONS differ considerably as to the general standard of our cricket at the present time, but there can be no doubt at all that in Yorkshire we have a champion county entirely worthy of its honours. The team has wound up its season in the most convincing manner possible. At Scarborough, against a very strong scratch side, they found themselves in grave difficulties and had to follow on. Yet, so well did Holmes and Sutcliffe start the second innings, and so well did the others follow their lead, that Yorkshire had pulled itself entirely out of its hole long before the

match was over. Then, against the Rest of England, at the Oval, they treated the England bowlers, if not with positive contempt, at any rate with a leisurely ease and mastery that was most impressive. The side is a wonderfully solid one. Everybody on it can make runs; but nobody does so for the sake of his average. There is plenty of bowling, so that nobody need be over-bowled; and the whole side has pulled together as one man. Lord Hawke, the patron saint of Yorkshire cricket, must be proud of such a team.

THOSE who saw Mr. Johnston winning his way through at Wimbledon with such masterly ease could hardly conceive of anybody, even Mr. Tilden, being able to beat him. Yet, Mr. Tilden has beaten him in the American Championship, and that in three straight sets, in none of which the victor seems to have been seriously pressed. A year or so ago Mr. Tilden had the misfortune to lose a finger from his right hand; yet he seems to be playing better than ever. Apart from his victory over Mr. Johnston, he completely annihilated the great Spanish player, Alonso, and in the Davis Cup beat quite comfortably the Australian, Mr. Anderson, who had just beaten Mr. Johnston. At the moment he stands out as beyond question the finest player in the world. Another most interesting figure in American lawn tennis is the lady Champion, Miss Helen Wills, who has only just emerged from the status of an infant phenomenon. When she and Mlle. Lenglen meet as meet they must, what a battle it will be.

IN the accounts of the great fight, in which the American pugilist Dempsey escaped losing the World Championship by two seconds, the most interesting sentence is not the one in which it is told how Dempsey five times knocked his opponent down and each time Firpo struggled to his feet and hurled himself at his opponent like an infuriated bull, until he knocked Dempsey clean out of the ring, but the final summing up, in which it is stated that the total value of the gate-money amounted to £254,000 and Dempsey's share will be over £100,000 and Firpo's £32,400. It is an extraordinary comment on our boasted civilisation. Two pugilists are paid at a rate which, probably, exceeds the earnings of any who are in the most lucrative professions. Physicians, engineers—even the profiteers of the war—may well turn green with envy. What the philosopher thinks is that from pugilists—men who are little removed from the wild beast—will come the rich and powerful families of the future. It is curious that the prophets of Labour lift up their voices against dukes because the original duke was a *dux*, or leader of men. He fought at the head of an army. The duke of popular creation will lay himself open to a far different taunt. It will be cast in the teeth of his posterity that they owed their origin not to military genius, but to their fists.

ONE of the most interesting papers read at the British Association on natural history was that of Dr. J. Schmidt of the Dana Expedition. This adventure lasted for nineteen years and covered a field from the Mediterranean to the Tropics. It has at last definitely located the breeding ground of the eel. The most curious feature of the story is that the eel seems to have originally inhabited an area in the Atlantic north-east of the West Indies. Thither they resort for breeding purposes, their eggs being dropped in deep salt water in the Tropics. When the elvers are three years old they seem urged by racial instinct to leave these warm quarters for the cold north. They swim in immense numbers to the British coast and thence make their way up the rivers in a most determined fashion. Should insurmountable cliffs or rocks impede their progress, they take to the land and travel round the obstacle. The lecturer showed slides of young eels wriggling over rocky ground and in some places crossing fields in order to get past waterfalls that they could not ascend. For twelve years they stay in our rivers, and then another instinct warns them to migrate to their tropical place of origin, where their eggs are produced and their own existence seems to end. It is a very curious instance of the laborious and determined way in which Nature works.

BY all reports, the scarlet flamingo, so well known in the Southern States, is rapidly disappearing. This species, *Phœnicopterus ruber*, is found from Florida down to Brazil. So imminent is its extinction that friends of birds in the United States are raising a fund to save it from the fate of other extinct forms. It is stated that it has entirely disappeared from the United States, and at present is represented by about a thousand specimens which are still to be found in the Bahamas, living in the densely wooded Island of Andros. It is proposed to make a sanctuary of this island, and we understand the Government of the Bahamas is very favourable to this suggestion. As Professor Newton notes: "late in the summer the adults shed all their quill-feathers and, thus rendered flightless, are easily captured. Under these circumstances both the European and the North American species may be expected to become rare, if not extinct." This scarlet, or flame-coloured, flamingo is frequently introduced by artists—who are, as a rule, but poor ornithologists—into the landscapes of Egypt. As a matter of fact, the European and Asiatic species of flamingo are much less strikingly coloured. Unless some means be taken to save the bird in the Bahamas, future generations will have to content themselves for a knowledge of its habits and its habitat with one of the most beautiful cases illustrating bird life in the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, New York.

PAVLOVA.

Is it a piece of thistledown floating along the ground?
Is it a spirit from other worlds, for a moment or two earth-bound?

Is it a dream, intangible, a real yet unreal thing?
Is it a thought from Heaven's self, escaped on flashing wing?
Is it a melody made alive? a vision from rhythm won?

No, 'tis a woman—a spirit, a flame and a thought in one.

M. G. MEUGENS.

PROFESSOR NEWBERRY, in his most interesting and suggestive paper on "Egypt as a Field for Anthropological Research," recalled many strange and romantic facts in his delimitation of the various territories in ancient Egyptian history which still await exploration. For example, there was the inscription on the mace head of Menes, now in the Ashmolean at Oxford, which showed the king assuming the Red Crown of Sais. This writing recalled that Menes captured 120,000 prisoners, 400,000 oxen and 1,422,000 goats. Better evidence could not have been adduced to show that the north-western delta and the region to the west of it must have included wide areas of grassland. Another interesting subject was touched upon by the lament of the ancient Egyptian sage who wrote: "Men do not sail northwards to-day. What shall we do for coniferous trees for our mummies, with the produce of which priests are buried and with the oil of which priests are embalmed? They come no more." More striking still was his reference to ancient ceremonies still used at birth and burial, which he declared were not Moslem, Christian, Roman or Greek, but ancient Egyptian. He did not go so far as to say that Egypt was the cradle of the human race, but he came very near to doing so.

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, addressing the Section of Economic Science of the British Association on "Population and Unemployment," made short work of those who are raising the cry that the world has become over-populated. The answer to that is to point out the vast areas of the world which are still either uncultivated or under-cultivated. In Europe from 70 to 95 per cent of the total area is now stated to be productive; that only means that it is turned to some use, not always the most profitable use. If we turn to other parts of the British Empire, we find the proportion is very small indeed 8 per cent. in Canada, 6 per cent. in Australia and 3 per cent. in South Africa.

OUR coloured supplement was painted by Wheatley, of whose work we have already printed two or three examples, one notable as being engraved by Bartolozzi. "The Fisherman's Departure" was engraved by J. Barney.

RINGING TIGER IN NEPAL

INTERESTING EVENT DURING THE FAUNTHORPE-VERNAY EXPEDITION TO INDIA.



THE CLEARING WITH SOME OF THE TENTS AND THE "SHAMIANA."

THERE are various ways of hunting tiger, but the most interesting and, at the same time, the most exciting is that of ringing. This method has, I believe, occasionally been practised in Assam and India, but it always has been, and is at the present time, the general method of tiger *shikar* in Nepal. The Nepalese have been ringing tiger for generations, and, in consequence, the present day *shikaris* are highly trained and the mahouts thoroughly understand the work.

A very large *bandobast* or arrangement is required—numbers of elephants, and mahouts possessing more than the ordinary amount of courage when it comes to the question of driving tiger out of the ring.

The Maharajah of Nepal, Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, arranges from time to time shoots for the British Envoy, Colonel O'Connor. The events which I shall attempt to describe took place during one of these shoots in February last at Camp Haraicha, which is twenty miles from the British border.

We journeyed to Jogbani, which is on the south-east border of Nepal. At the station we were met by riding elephants, which are different from the ordinary pad elephants. The latter in this case carried the baggage; but the riding elephants are specially selected to take passengers instead of luggage on account of their being, for elephants, unusually fleet of foot. It was amusing on arriving at the station to see the elephants awaiting us; we immediately mounted and started on our



RIFLES ARE LOOKED OVER AND A FEW SIGHTS ARE TAKEN.



THEY GO QUIETLY INTO THE JUNGLE.

journey of twenty miles at a swift trot. We soon crossed into Nepalese territory, and after having gone twelve miles we were met by Colonel O'Connor, who had come out by motor to take us into camp. The curiosity with which the natives regarded the motor car was most interesting. They had come miles to see it, and ran along by the side of the road, shouting and shrieking with laughter. The Nepalese have a great sense of humour.

It was a relief to dismount, as riding long distances on elephant is liable to be rather tiring. By motor we quickly arrived at camp, and found everything perfectly arranged. A space had been cleared on the edge of the jungle, in the middle of which was a large square tent, called a *shamiana*. This was the living-room. Sixteen tents surrounded it, one of which was used as dining-tent, the others for guests, and so on.

The various details connected with ringing are most elaborate, and it may seem strange that for a party of six guns no fewer than 533 men were in the Envoy's camp at the time. Fifty-eight elephants were required for the work. It is important that the general organisation of the camp is so arranged that

everything runs smoothly; and, although one is far away from the ordinary source of supplies, everything is done to make one's comfort as great as possible, and it was interesting to go out in the morning and see hanging on a tree a mail bag with the following notice above it:

POSTAL NOTICE.
Camp Haraicha.

The mail bag, containing letters, etc., for post, will be despatched from this camp to Jogbani through a Sepoy on an elephant at 7.30 a.m. daily.

Letters, etc., received at Jogbani, will be despatched from there on an elephant with a Sepoy to camp at 7.30 a.m. daily, and received here for delivery at 1.30 or 2 p.m.

The two Sepoys mentioned above will exchange the dak bags on the road.

This was one of the many details which struck us as to the completeness of the organisation. The first evening at dinner the principal conversation was as to the prospects of the week's shoot—are there many tigers about, and who will get the first? Colonel O'Connor explains the method of how the work has to be done, and everyone retires early, as to-morrow



THE RING IS TIGHTENED UP, THE ELEPHANTS CONVERGING TO THE CENTRE, IN SOME CASES ALMOST TOUCHING EACH OTHER.



THE SHIKARIS ARE EXCITED AND THERE IS MUCH SHOUTING.



A FINE TIGRESS: NOT A SPECIALLY LARGE ONE, BUT THE SKIN IS OF BEAUTIFUL COLOUR.



NOW IS THE TIME TO BEAT THE TIGER OUT OF THE RING.

the show begins and one must have steady nerves and a clear eye. Before turning in one is told the number of one's riding elephant and howdah elephant, so that no confusion will arise when the time to start comes.

The method of putting out a live buffalo as bait to attract tiger may appear as being rather cruel, but if one stops to think of the heavy toll which tigers take in cattle from the natives in various districts, these natives having no means of protecting themselves from the ravages of the tiger, the method is quite understandable. A male tiger will kill two and sometimes three of the natives' cattle a week; a tigress will even kill one a day when she has cubs, as this is the method by which the wise mother teaches her offspring to secure food in the future and in case she gets into some danger such as I am describing. It is, again, interesting to note how the natives will come for many miles to see a dead tiger when it is brought into camp, as, although the cattle disappear from time to time, it is seldom that a tiger is ever seen by the natives of this country.

Breakfast is the meal of *khubber* (news), as at this time the *shikaris* bring in to Colonel O'Connor news as to whether the tiger has returned to his kill or whether any other bait had been killed. In due course the *subadar* (native captain in the Envoy's escort) arrives in camp, and as he salutes the Colonel it is quite obvious that news this morning is good. The tiger has returned and they believe that they have marked him down in some thick *ratwa* (high grass) some miles away. There is a general bustle throughout the whole camp, and a look of pleasant anticipation is apparent on everyone's face.

In the meanwhile the fifty-eight elephants had been mustered, six of which carry howdahs. The latter are heavy seats surrounded by a caned frame, from which one shoots when the actual ringing takes place. All the other elephants have pads on their backs, and are consequently called "pad elephants." The howdah elephants and all except six of the pads are sent to the spot where the ringing is to take place. Among the elephants are two monsters which are driven by *mahouts* specially selected for their courage and coolness under, at times, difficult conditions.

In due course, rifles, binoculars and the various paraphernalia are placed in each gun's howdah, and away they go, leaving six pad elephants to carry the guns out to the appointed meeting-place. It is necessary for the howdah



THE CEREMONY OF "PUJA" OVER, WE INSPECT THE TIGRESS.



A MAGNIFICENT BEAST, MEASURING 10 FT.



THE TIGER IS LIFTED ON TO THE BACK OF ONE OF THE PAD ELEPHANTS.

elephants to go first and on account of the heavy load they travel at a comparatively slow pace.

The time arrives for the guns to start, and we proceed to the six pad elephants. We are handed a piece of sugar cane which is to be given to the elephant bearing one's name, and, on approaching, the wise old *harthis* put out their trunks, knowing full well that they are to receive the dainty piece of sugar cane as a little *bonne bouche* prior to the excitement they have to go through.

The start is made, and during the ride to the meeting-place much speculation is indulged in as to the outcome. After travelling several miles, one sights, a long distance away, the main body of elephants all herded together, with the howdahs standing out among the herd like miniature pavilions swaying on a leaden sea. It is a fascinating sight on coming up to the elephants to see these huge pachyderms, never standing still, tearing down a bamboo shoot here and there, throwing dust over themselves, trunks swinging to and fro, and each indulging in some curious and interesting elephant habit. The healthy elephant is never still.

On our arrival the *subadar* takes charge of the whole arrangement. He is evidently excited. His eyes are glistening and his face is wreathed in smiles, but he quietly and very thoroughly goes about his work, giving directions here and there, principally by whistle. The arrangements are completed, and a start is made. We have come to the time for silence. The tiger is presumed to be, possibly, only a few hundred yards away, at the most a mile.

Quietly the change is made from pad to howdah. One gets into howdah, rifles are looked over, a few sights are taken, and one feels ready and very keen. The next process is for all the pad elephants which are to form the ring to proceed quietly, one to the right and one to the left, or sometimes two, as the case may be. The *subadar* is directing the *mahouts* as to their position. They go quietly into the jungle, diverging on each side, and all one hears is, now and again, the breaking down of branches of trees or the crack of the bamboo as these huge beasts plough their way through the dense jungle. This goes on for a considerable time, and, beyond the sounds I have mentioned and the ordinary jungle noises, there is silence.

It is the hottest time of the day, and tiger sleeps heavily; he has found a cool place in very thick grass or cane-brake jungle beside some little pool, and there he lies down to rest

and sleep after the orgy of the night before, which is to be repeated, as he pleasantly anticipates, the evening to come. Presently, out of the silence a shrill whistle blows; we now know the ring is complete. The elephants going to the right, having made a large detour have met the elephants going to the left, with the result that a huge ring is formed around the tiger. The silence is broken; now there is much talking and shouting, in order to wake tiger up. He is presumed to be somewhere in a thick piece of high grass within the large circle. The *shikaris* have inspected this territory before and know where the heavy grass is and where the tiger most probably will lie up, somewhere within a few hundred yards of his kill.

Now the jungle is alive with the sound of human beings. The howdah elephants are told to advance, and in due course take their places in various parts of the ring. The tiger, it can be imagined, awakes from his heavy sleep and hears these strange noises in the jungle. Are these the native woodcutters? It seems more than that. He probably begins to prowl around to find out what is going on. He goes first to one point and then to another. Wherever he goes he hears the sounds of human beings. He consequently retires into the thickest part of the jungle within the ring.

In the meanwhile the ring is tightened up and the fifty-eight elephants are converging on the centre until the ring is actually what is called "tight," and the elephants are within a few yards and in some cases almost touching each other, with the guns at various points in the ring. There is yet work to be done. The guns must have as much clear space as possible in front of their elephants in order to be able to see tiger as quickly as possible when he comes out, as when he does it is in no gentle fashion. It is with one terrific bound, an angry snarl, and a direct charge at the elephant which blocks his path. The whistle blows again and everyone is ready, and one's attention concentrated on the immediate vicinity awaiting the slightest movement in the grass or any sign of yellow and black creeping cautiously through. Now is the time to beat tiger out of the ring. Two huge elephants, a tusker and a *machna* (a tuskerless male), make their appearance, and they seem to realise they are going in to face something which is not altogether pleasant. The *mahouts* selected for this work, as I have already mentioned, are those whose courage has been proved. Apart from the *mahout* sitting on the neck of the elephant, there is, standing on his back and holding on by two cords, another driver who is called a *mughri wallah*. His work is, in case the elephant either bolts or refuses to go on, to administer, with a heavy mace, blows on the elephant's back which, being coupled with the urging of the *mahout*, is generally sufficient to deal with a recalcitrant or balking elephant. However, in the case I am referring to, the elephants went in splendidly. It is a tense moment. Suddenly the tusker gives a shrill trumpet and backs away. He has scented tiger. The *mahout* urges him on, the *mughri wallah* doing the same at his end. Another shrill blast from the elephant; tiger gives a savage growl, there is a rush through the grass, two shots ring out, and the gun states that the tiger has been hit and is lying wounded in the grass. Now the old tusker has to go in again and face a wounded beast whose courage is at all times undaunted and which can inflict at times ugly wounds on the elephant. However, after a little persuasion he goes in, and a minute later tiger again charges out, making one leap through the air at another elephant, when he is shot and falls back in the high grass, dead.

There is much excitement, and the gun who was the first to wound the animal quickly comes up to his prize, his face beaming with satisfaction. It is a fine tigress, not an especially large one, but the skin is a beautiful colour. The *shikaris* are excited and there is much shouting, but no gun must get

down from his elephant until worship, which is called *puja* is done. This is a most important matter, and, however keen one is to examine the tiger, it is absolute law in the jungle that *puja* must be done to the goddess Bhagwati, who is the same as Kali in Hindu mythology. As a matter of fact, there is a great deal of ceremony in connection with this *puja*, as, in the first instance, various parties are sent out to different parts of the forest for the purpose of tying up buffaloes as bait for tigers. Before getting out to tie up the bait, one member of the party does *puja* to Bhagwati, who is the goddess of the jungle; and, consequently, when the tiger is killed, a ceremony of thanksgiving is performed by a member of the *shikari's* party in whose beat she was found. This consists of one of the party dipping his *kukri* (native knife) into the tiger's blood and wiping it upon a leaf three times. The leaf is then hidden in the thicket or a tuft of grass near by, and the *puja* to the goddess is complete. The ceremony over, we can now inspect the tigress. Various photographs are taken; much measuring, much pleasant banter, and the gun stands nobly behind his tiger and is snapped, looking somewhat embarrassed. The tiger is then lifted on to the back of one of the pad elephants and sent back to camp, where, in a few hours, he is skinned and the skin carefully fleshed and pegged out to dry, ready to be sent to the taxidermist.

This is a typical instance of the method of ringing tiger in Nepal, and during this week we were fortunate in obtaining five tigers, one of which was a magnificent beast measuring 10ft. 1in.

Mr. G. M. Dyott, who was accompanying the Faunthorpe-Vernay expedition to India in connection with the photographic and cinematograph work, had the opportunity here in Nepal of taking some amazingly interesting photographs of tiger-ringing, both moving picture and still picture. At one time a tiger was driven out, Dyott being stationed in a tree. The tiger, on coming out, stood for two or three seconds and the gun waved the tiger over towards the camera. It was there shot. In the meanwhile a moving picture was taken of the animal bounding through the grass. All of these incidents added to the general interest of the shoot.

The return to camp is a long and happy journey. Everyone is pleased. The game has been bagged.

One of the five tigers obtained broke through the line. He came from the high grass, making a superb leap at a small and timid elephant, which immediately turned tail and bolted through the jungle, giving tiger a space through which, had the shooting not been very good, he would easily have escaped.

On arriving in camp the elephants, after their hard day's work, have a refreshing bath and good feed of some 300lb. or 400lb. of fodder. An elephant eats from 400lb. to 600lb. of food a day. We return to hot baths and a pleasant meeting in the *shamiana* before dinner. The whole *shikar* is gone over and over again, and when the last day of the shoot comes it is a mournful evening. Everyone has had seven perfect days; good sport, good fellowship, and a host who has done everything in his power to make his guests comfortable and the shoot successful. In the meanwhile the Maharajah has been daily sending luxuries in the way of green vegetables and fruits, and he, with that courtesy for which he is so well known, writes and congratulates the various guns on the luck they have had. Indeed, his hospitality is princely. All is packed up, skins are carefully looked after, and the way is made back to the Nepal border and to the train, through country which, after the thick splendid jungle we had been in, is flat and uninteresting; but we have still to look forward to many happy days, as we are on our way to the western part of Nepal, where we shall go into more difficult country in search of the Indian one-horned rhinoceros. But that is another story.

ARTHUR S. VERNAY.

HORDLE

Upon a fresh June morning,
As we sat lazily,
There came a fairy dancing,
Down dancing to the sea.

Light were her limbs and airy,
Supple and strong and free;
Gay was the child with youngness;
Sweet, sweet fifteen was she.

"I have come down from Hordle,
And where is this?" said she;
"Four miles, I think, from Hordle,
And hoped to find the sea."

Frankly she looked, forthrightly;
Her voice went singingly;
A while she spoke with mortals,
With age, with such as we.

All lovely were her motions
As water, cloud or tree;
Her footsteps took the morning
As sunlight takes the lea.

And what, where, why is Hordle
I care not! Still for me
It is a fairy dancing,
Down dancing to the sea.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

ART AND THE SNAPSHOT

BY WARD MUIR.

TIME was when amateur photographers were divided into two classes: the "artistic" and the "mere snapshotters." The first class was composed of an exclusive and small body of fierce enthusiasts, who regarded their hobby seriously. The second class was completely unserious. Both attitudes towards photography are regrettable, if carried to extremes. The solemnity of the photographic "artists" of twenty years ago was self-conscious, with a self-consciousness ultra-sensitive to the sneers of painters. One of the exasperating things about the painters was that they invariably admired and enjoyed the casual prints of the "mere snapshotter" and heaped contempt on the laborious works of the would-be photographic "artists"—precisely when those works most nearly appeared to approach the symptoms of the "painterlike." And a not insignificant thing was that the average painter who himself owned a camera usually produced manifestly inartistic photographs—"mere snapshots," in short. The better the painter the worse his snapshots, and the profounder his scorn for those photographers who claimed the rank of artist.

So enormous, now, is the vogue of the camera that "artistic" photography has inevitably grown commoner. Simultaneously the quarrel between painters and photographers has become so stale that it is dying away. The two big annual autumn exhibitions of photographs—the London Salon, and the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition—are visited by an ever larger *clientèle*, many of whom do not care twopence about hair-splitting definitions of the adjective "artistic," but are quite capable of distinguishing a beautiful photograph from a commonplace one. At the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, now open in the Club-house, 35, Russell Square, the main room contains a number of prints which are still a little too "painterlike" in manner and quality to please any painter; but there are more which excel by the sheer purity of their technique, and prove that the camera can make pictures unapproachable, of their kind, by any brush. It is noticeable that many of the best of these latter pictures are, in essence, "mere snapshots." This is as it should be, in a show professing

to represent photography; and, although the "artistic" efforts—some of them, at least—would send away many humble-minded hand-camera owners in a state of discouragement, this is counterbalanced by the naive loveliness of the "mere snapshots," the majority of which the most modest hand-camera owner may properly feel he could have taken himself. In other words, this show will do its bit towards raising the level of general hand-camera photography: which, at the present juncture in the history of the hobby, is a deal more useful than tickling the vanity of a little circle of not very important aesthetes.

I remember the day when, at these autumn shows of photographs, few prints were given topographical titles. It was an annoying affectation. Over and over again I heard a visitor ask, "Where was this taken?" when he was confronted by some fine mountain peak or some splendidly lit piece of architecture, the title of which was "Study," or something vague of that sort. The question was a justifiable one. Nowadays it is seldom asked. The third print on the walls of the main room at Russell Square, for instance, is called "Gleaners of Maggiore." How much more satisfying than if it had been called "The Peaceful Lake" or "Amongst the Reeds," or any of the foolish, quasi-poetical names of the earlier epoch of "artistic" photography! This is a charming and well selected snap of a fairy-like glimpse; but to many a visitor the lesson it has to teach is that the travel souvenir need not necessarily be a humdrum, crude affair. Or, look at "Arrens," by M. O. Dell—a curious and dramatic lighting on house roofs: here again we imagine the "mere snapshotter" having his ambitions stimulated to bring back, from his next trip abroad, an album of specimens more personal to himself and less matter-of-fact than the commercial postcard view. Thus, by an odd paradox, though the standard of craftsmanship at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition becomes yearly higher, the popularity of its appeal becomes yearly broader, inasmuch as, while beauty has increased, pretentiousness is diminishing. I hope that this show, and also the Salon, will be visited not alone by the relatively limited public who inhabit that cliquy realm known as the photographic world, but by the general



M. O. Dell.

"ARRENS."

Copyright.



Percy G. Hopcroft.

"GLEANERS OF MAGGIORE."

Copyright.



Alex. Keighley.

"CASTLE OF ROMANCE."

Copyright.



J. D. Miller.

"A SUMMER SEA."

Copyright.



S. Theophilus.

"EVENING ON THE THAMES."

Copyright.

public who are comfortably unaware of the existence of the photographic world, and who simply wish to be shown how to employ their own cameras to give pleasure to themselves and their friends. The "artistic" photographer is less promising, for the future of photography, than the "mere snapshotter"—once the latter can be taught to realise that mere snapshotting need not be limited to the careless and mechanical production of mere snapshots.

From the old hands of pictorial photography, it is clear, we will learn less than from the comparative newcomers. Alex. Keighley is a veteran whom everybody admires for his consistency and his skill. He shows at the R.P.S. a characteristically fanciful scene, "Castle of Romance," full of glamour and suggestiveness; but I should be sorry to see a host of young camera-owners producing (or trying to produce—for they would find the job a stiff one) Keighley masterpieces. Instead, I should like my imaginary aspirant to rejoice in the massed tone-values and delicate scale of greys of "Evening on the Thames," which shows St. Stephen's with a foreground of barges and the Lambeth Suspension Bridge. Thousands of visitors to London must have aimed at this celebrated view, but how many have hit it off with just this exquisiteness? Yet there is no reason why anyone, with any apparatus, might not have secured this superb photograph. It shows what a souvenir snap can be—when the snapshotter knows his business. So also with the delicious "A Summer Sea." Innumerable films are exposed every August on such bays as this, yet how rare is this translucent and tremulous rendering of water and

air! There is no secret about it, nothing beyond the grasp of any readers of these lines. It is pure photography, that is all: involving, however, a very nice eye for the photographable. If every visitor to the seaside came home with souvenirs like this, how much more happiness there would be in the hobby!

Upstairs, at the R.P.S., in the room devoted to natural history work, we find a good many pictures the securing of which must definitely be limited to the expert. Wonderful, indeed, are the prints of birds and beasts and insects. They should on no account be missed. And here again we discern the same moral—from a different angle. The more perfect the photography the more beautiful—genuinely beautiful in every sense—is the picture. For my part, I must admit that, though landscape photography is a hobby which will always have my heart, I feel a deep respect for these incredibly patient and skilful colleagues of mine who specialise in gathering portraits of the creatures of the wild. The feats they perform are marvellous; and it is a disappointing reflection that our friend the "mere snapshotter" will probably be more impressed by the pictorial prints than the natural history ones, which are really far nobler. But whereas I can honestly recommend the "mere snapshotter," faced by the pictorial prints, to go and do likewise, I could hardly ask him to believe that he may, at will, go and do likewise in the matter of natural history work. The natural history photographer is born and not made. Contrariwise, anybody can be an "artistic" photographer if he cares to: though this may seem a hard saying to the conservatives of the craft.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

AT Halstead on Friday last I had an opportunity of looking at the fine herd of Middle White pigs started about ten months ago by Captain A. D. Ramsay and his partner, Mr. Bernard Rubin. The estate extends altogether to about 300 acres, but only a part is devoted to the herd, and of that part the area which had been woodland was in its way the most interesting. I do not know exactly what the previous owner did with the woodland, but it must have been exceedingly well suited to pheasant shooting, as it exhibits a pleasant combination of hill and hollow, so that high birds must have come naturally. That aspect of the physical features was brought home vividly, as the only vehicle in which a survey could be made was a motor trolley invented by a Frenchman during the war—a most extraordinary creature that pursued its way over all kinds of obstacles and down and up sheer precipices as calmly as if it were on a county council main road. From it one could see where a plantation of birch has been felled, and where, over a larger area, conifers had been cut and the tall slender stems of such hardwoods as oak and ash left to grow into timber, they having been pruned and cleared of side-growth. Land on which, presumably, pheasants used to roam is now inhabited by pigs: litters in all stages, sucklings, weanlings, sows and young pigs—with the various shelters, food vessels and other arrangements—all looking remarkably vigorous on the dry hillsides, where a loamy soil rests on a bed of porous chalk.

PHEASANTS OR PIGS?

It would be foolish to urge the substitution of one for the other, but in these days no apology is necessary for suggesting that there is no need to devote all the unlet ground to game; if a part of a hillside now growing bracken, or of a plantation now used as pheasant covert, can be made productive, the burdensome cost of the estate's upkeep will be so much the less. A thousand pheasants in covert for your friends to shoot are a very costly luxury; a thousand pigs on the same ground ought to increase the value and provide a revenue. The pig spells profit, the pheasant expense, and where possible the wise landowner will endeavour to make one pay for the other.

LABOUR SAVING.

Pigs in the open air are, no doubt, the most profitable; but there is a considerable diversity in the various open-air systems. On this establishment a considerable economy has been effected in feeding. Although there is already greenery on the cleared land, a great deal of it springs from the stumps of the felled trees and, though useful for providing shade, is not of much feeding value. Grass, however, is rapidly appearing on the cleared ground; but artificial feeding is attended to regularly. The method is to place feeding troughs on each side of the roughly made road but within the wire fence, so that feeding can be done on both sides of the road as the trolley passes along.

Another improvement was suggested by Captain Ramsay's experience in Australia, and the change he has introduced is a natural sequel to the general adoption of an open-air system of keeping pigs. It is not required when the old-fashioned custom of housing the animals is still employed. Under it, the owner has complete control of the individual pig for examination, sale, and every other purpose. Where the animals are running loose, what happens is that the buyer comes one day to make his selection, usually fixing a later date for taking over his purchases. Now, whether you are going to cook a hare or take home a pig, the first essential is to catch him, and in many establishments famous for their pedigree stock the only device for capturing the quadruped is to run him down, and an exciting chase begins that is far from good for the pursued and is the cause of much wasted time and consequent exasperation to the pursuer. Often this is crowned with rage and disappointment, because when the pig is near enough for one to see the marks that proclaim his or her individuality the herdsman has to admit a mistake. Nor is it fair to blame him. In an establishment

noted for its special types, some of the best are sure to be so closely alike that the expert can only tell one from another at close quarters. So the hunt has to start all over again. Again, as part of the ordinary farm routine, it is periodically necessary to assemble the grazing herd and separate the boars, sows and gilts, or to catch one or two that need to be closely scrutinised. All this has long been understood on the Australian cattle run, where the herdsman have recourse to a contrivance that enables the work to be done in a jiffy instead of occupying the best part of a day. The device is perfectly simple and consists of a group of enclosures within wooden fencing. There is a large central space where, if the object is to separate the boars, sows and gilts, they are all assembled. The other compartments are each connected by a gateway, so that it is a very easy matter to drive each class into its own enclosure. Should it be desirable to make an individual examination, a narrow but strong walled corridor is provided for the purpose. The pig is driven into it, and, by means of an unhinged gate which is made to fit the breadth of the corridor, the animal is quietly pushed into a corner where the observation required can be made, generally without any handling whatever. The erection is not yet complete, but when it is I hope to show a drawing of it that will illuminate this brief description.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SUCCESSES AT DORCHESTER.

Two exceptionally fine shorthorn heifers, Maid Marian and Climsland Lady Dorothy Fifth, were exhibited by the Prince of Wales at the Dorchester Agricultural Society's Show last Friday. Each was placed first in her class, and, shown together in the pair heifer class, they won again, also securing a special first for pair heifers. Their symmetry was a point particularly commented upon by the judges. The high quality of the beasts exhibited by other owners made these distinctions all the more creditable. Among the dairy cows the best was exhibited by Mr. Maurice Tory of Spettisbury.

SHORTHORN SALES.

At the sale at Walton Hall, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire, on September 13th, the whole of the late Dr. Vaughan Harley's herd of pedigree Scottish shorthorns, numbering seventy head, was dispersed after keen bidding. The highest figure reached was 320 guineas, which was the price paid for the yearling bull, Notlaw Diadem. Most of the best females were purchased by Lord Merthyr for his herd in Pembrokeshire, including the yearling heifer Notlaw Nonpareil the Forty-eighth, sold for 310 guineas; Notlaw Nonpareil the Twenty-first, 170 guineas; Nonpareil the Fifty-second, a calf, 150 guineas; and Nonpareil the Twenty-fourth, 140 guineas. The second best price for a female was 200 guineas, and the average per head was £70 10s. 3d. The grand total reached £4,936 1s.

Another important Shorthorn sale was that of Captain Sydney Dennis' herd of pure-bred Scottish shorthorns at Maisiey-Hampton, near Fairford, Gloucestershire. The price realised for thirty-five head was £2,190, an average of £62 11s. Mr. R. W. Jorgensen, a Gloucestershire breeder, gave the highest price, 200 guineas, for a fine heifer, Latton Missie Twenty-first. A yearling heifer brought 190 guineas, a heifer calf 160 guineas, and a two year old heifer 150 guineas.

AGRICULTURE BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Mr. A. W. Ashby, in a thoughtful paper, directed attention to the economic outlook for British agriculture. He said plainly that imported products were better not only in quantity, but in quality, as compared with home products, and urged the education of the farmer. He illustrated his point by taking the case of fruit. We are behindhand not owing to climatic conditions, but because the exporting packers only send the fruit worth marketing. In regard to the milk question, he pointed out that during the winter the producers would receive 1s. 3d. a gallon, while the public would pay 2s. 3d. As the farmer has to pay carriage, his share would only be 51 per cent. of the retail price.

PEASCOD.

A LOOK BACK ON DONCASTER

LORD DERBY'S GREAT WEEK.

IN common with many others who are fairly intimately concerned with racing from week to week of the flat-racing season, I had regarded Papyrus as tolerably certain to add the St. Leger to his Derby honours. He met with what his jockey afterwards described as "a rough passage" in the race, and he returned with at least one superficial wound between the hock and the fetlock, showing that he must have been struck into during a scrimmage. It is possible, also, that had Donoghue been able to challenge at a later and more critical period of the race, instead of being forced to do so when he actually did, because of the pressing attentions of Twelve Pointer and Parth, the Derby winner might have made a much nearer thing of it. These points are debatable; but, taking the result as it stands, we must give Lord Derby's Tranquil full credit for having won the last of the classic races on her merits. She showed stamina and obviously fine speed, and in the last hundred yards she was out-striding Papyrus, which either does not stay a mile and three-quarters or was quite pumped out by the strain of first meeting with trouble in running and then having to take on Tranquil in another serious race after having already engaged in one to shake off Twelve Pointer and Parth.

The Hon. George Lambton has had the training of Tranquil ever since she was a yearling, only parting with her a month before the St. Leger in order that she might have the advantage of a change of scene and gallops at Charles Morton's place at Wantage in Berkshire. He, I know, was hopeful of her, particularly as, on setting eyes on her again, he found her to have done extraordinarily well. Morton could not believe that she would beat Papyrus, but, even allowing for the fact that he is far from being of a sanguine temperament, he allowed himself to hope that her stamina might pull her through, especially, of course, in the event of a weakness being discovered in the staying powers of the Derby winner. The Aga Khan's trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson, had some faith in Teresina, but then at once leaned towards Tranquil on seeing her at Doncaster. That excellent judge, "Audax," in *Horse and Hound*, writes frankly enough: "I must confess that the St. Leger chance of Tranquil did not appear to me."

Of course, there are lots of people who are profoundly wise after the event, and who knew that Papyrus would not stay and that Tranquil would prevail. Let us, however, examine the facts. Tranquil won the One Thousand Guineas by a length and a half from Cos, which was a brilliant filly as a two year old but is not recognised as a stayer this year. At Ascot she won a sprint race. For the Oaks, Tranquil was beaten by Brownhylda. Shrove and Teresina. She was close up fourth. That is not form which is going to win a St. Leger, beating also the acknowledged best among the colts; for, in nine cases out of ten, colts generally are better than fillies as three year olds. The tenth cases are provided by such as Sceptre, Pretty Polly—and Tranquil. The last-named was fourth for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, and next I saw her in the paddock at Goodwood, looking nervous and really very bad. She was not started because of her condition. Now, Goodwood is not so long ago. How, then, could one accept her as the prospective winner of the St. Leger?

I am not seeking to make excuses, but merely pointing out how these things have a way of shaping themselves and confounding all our calculations and understanding of the problems. May I suggest that the real explanation of Tranquil's triumph lies in two things—the fact that, from her breeding and splendid physique, she at all times held out the greatest possibilities, and, secondly, that her sojourn

at Wantage suddenly brought her to her best self. She acquired strength, and from day to day, in a physical sense, she prospered. Of much importance is the fact that her confidence, which may have been sapped, returned, and the result was the fine, big-limbed and great-hearted filly we saw at Doncaster before the race.

We must, of course, give Morton much praise for his splendid care of her during that last month before the race; but it is Mr. Lambton who has brought her to the eminence she has now reached by his sympathetic care and appreciation of a naturally excitable individual who called for a very special understanding and treatment. It was he who had the good sense to realise in time that a change from Newmarket would prove beneficial, since the filly was not doing well on gallops which at that time were particularly hard. I may add that Tranquil stands well over 16h., but she is in no sense lanky or narrow. Instead, she is a very fine example of the perfectly proportioned big thoroughbred that, other things being equal, will always beat the good little one. Her outlook is sensible and intelligent, her back and middle piece are of the conformation that suggest stamina, and her quarters tell where her fine action and speed come from. Then she has the ideal galloping shoulders, and altogether is a most perfect racing machine. Her victory won £10,015 for Lord Derby, who as a winning owner at once went to the head of the list, as also as a winning breeder.

Thus has the luck of Lord Derby undergone a big change during the last month. It was the same a year ago, and makes one think that he has a breed of horses that do not mature until late. I suppose this is perfectly true of the Swynfords, for he himself (the St. Leger winner in 1910) did not mature until comparatively late as a three year old and was relatively better as a four year old. Tranquil was got by Swynford from that invaluable brood mare Serenissima, the dam of Selene, a little champion of last season. It will be recalled that I wrote with some enthusiasm of Serenissima, Selene and Tranquil when writing on Lord Derby's stud early in the year. Serenissima was sired by the 1909 Derby winner, Minoru, from Gondolette, also the dam of the Gimcrack Stakes winner, Sansovino. Lord Derby has, indeed, done splendidly, for in a fortnight his horses have won him the St. Leger, the Doncaster Cup and the Gimcrack Stakes.

Papyrus, I am sure, is a good horse, though he may not be at his best to give proof of the fact in America next month. On this point there appears to be fairly general agreement, though a few take the opposite view. No horse could have run a gamer race than he put up against Tranquil. Parth evidently has a fine turn of speed, but he does not get a long course. Teresina, on the other hand, stays really well, but is lacking in speed. I am wondering whether the Aga Khan is proposing to have her trained for the Cesarewitch. As the third for the St. Leger with only 7st. 8lb. in the Cesarewitch, she must have

an undeniable chance, one would think. I noticed the Irish horse, Soldumeno, run well in the St. Leger, and I suppose we may next hear of him being bought for some English stable, though Irishmen, when they do get hold of a good horse, find reasons for exalting it in a market sense, especially when an English buyer may be within earshot.

Of course, it was immensely interesting to see Mumtaz Mahal in action again. She duly won the Champagne Stakes in what is known as a canter by three lengths from Sir Robert Jardine's Obliterate, with a newcomer in the Sunstar colt, Arausio, third,



W. A. Rouch.

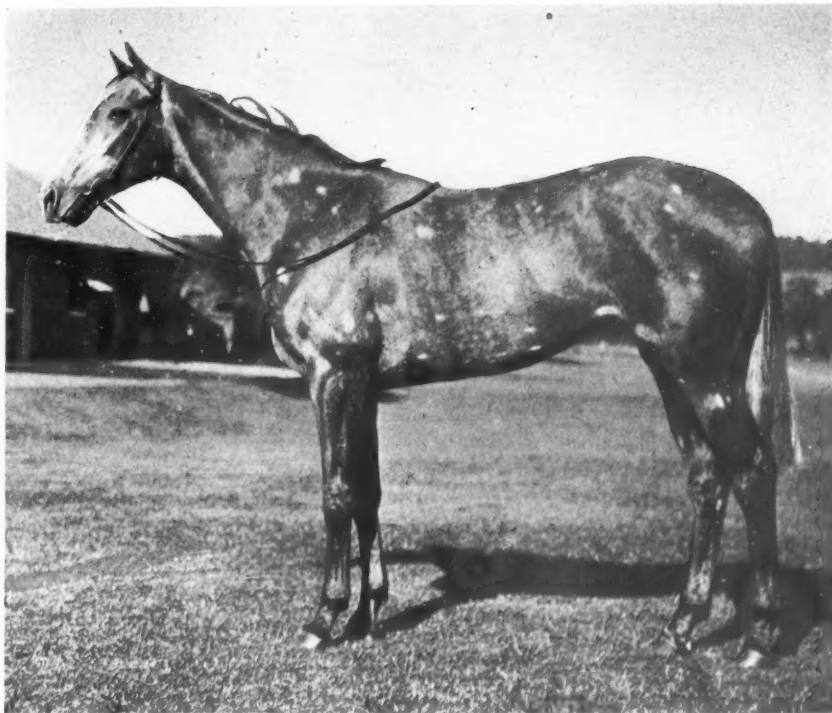
TRANQUIL, WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER AND VICTOR OVER PAPYRUS.

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and two others behind them. She did not win as she had done on previous occasions—that is to say, she did not right away from them as had been the case at Ascot in particular. Drake won the Champagne Stakes almost as easily a year ago, and yet I will concede that she only appeared to be entering at the finish, while theockey of Obliterate was doing all he knew to get nearer to her. I am quite sure that she will not be beaten this season, which is merely repeating a previously expressed opinion. She gave me the idea, before going out for the Champagne Stakes, that she was grown a lot lately, and that in doing so she has outgrown her strength; for I am quite sure she was finer drawn than ever before, giving her the suggestion of a certain legginess. Yet she is still the great outstanding individual of the season, and while there may be some doubts as to the best of the three year olds, there can be none at all as to the best two year old.

Much interest, especially among those who bet, was taken in the races for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Rufford Abbey Handicap and the Alexandra Handicap. The respective distances were a mile and three-quarters, two miles and a furlong, and a mile and a half, and the winners were Apron, Ceylonese and Argo. The first two are owned by Sir Abe Bailey, who, we may take it, has considerable expectations of winning the Cesarewitch with the best of his entry. Apron won, though carrying 6lb. over-weight, and as his penalty for the Cesarewitch is only one of 10lb., it follows that this staying three year old need only carry 4lb. in the big handicap, bringing his weight to 6st. 13lb. This is the colt that has been backed in most parts of the country at long odds prior to this disclosure of his capabilities. Ceylonese ran third as a three year old a year ago for the Cesarewitch, after being third for the St. Leger. He has very little more weight to carry now, and last week he won the Rufford Abbey Plate in a canter, though the margin between him and Light Dragoon at the finish was only a small one. This is a genuine stayer and the son of a great stayer in Willonyx, which as a four year old won the Chester Cup, Ascot Stakes, Ascot Gold Cup and the Cesarewitch, the last-named race under the very big weight of 9st. 4lb.

Apron, too, is by a Cesarewitch winner in Son-in-Law, quite one of the outstanding sires of the present day. One or two other Cesarewitch candidates ran for the Doncaster Cup, but the winner, Silurian, was not one of them. Thus did this four



THE UNBEATEN MUMTAZ MAHAL.

year old from Swynford bring Lord Derby still further honours in what was for him quite a memorable race. Again I am reminded how the stock of Swynford improve with age. It is the case with Silurian, for there was a time when he was in one sense rather the despair of his trainer. He could see much good in him, only he found it difficult to extract it. You will remember that he only failed by a short head to beat Happy Man for the Gold Cup at Ascot, but it is something of an achievement to have won a Doncaster Cup. He is not a big horse in any sense, but he is a genuine stayer with that low action and the head carried low that are the characteristics of so many first-class stayers.

Silurian is bred to stay on both sides of his pedigree. Swynford, his sire, as everyone knows, took high rank as a St. Leger winner. The dam, Glacier, was also the dam of the Liverpool Autumn Cup winner, Crevasse, and was from the mare Glasalt, bred in 1898, and the dam also of Glacis, winner of the Chester Cup in 1908 for Lord Derby. Glasalt was the dam of that delightful mare Canyon, winner of the One Thousand Guineas, so that the racing and staying merit of Silurian are quite understandable.

In this female line and also that of Serenissima and good old Gondolette, Lord Derby possesses invaluable blood at his stud.

Very little light was thrown on the Cambridgeshire, but then it is rather a far cry to that race. Mr. Fred Hardy's Dumas, a lightly weighted three year old, had been talked about, but his win after a failure was not altogether convincing, and, moreover, I am sure he is not a light boy's horse. Rather would one expect to see Mr. Hardy win the Cesarewitch, for which he appears to hold a far stronger hand with Happy Man (9st. 7lb.), the three year old Scullion at 6st. 9lb., and the three year old Hard Battle at 6st. 11lb. I have known the time when the running at Doncaster gave one or two valuable pointers to the Cambridgeshire, but they were not forthcoming this time. When the time comes I expect a three year old will once more win that big autumn handicap, but it may not be the French champion Epinard, for he has surely been given more than he can succeed with. Yet the French folk appear to be satisfied with his impost of 9st. 2lb., for they have put a deal of money on him at prices which did not exceed 100 to 8. Our leading book-makers were hard hit over his success at Goodwood. They made no mistake this time, for they opened out on him at comparatively cramped odds, and his friends in France had either to take what they offered or leave it. They have taken it to big amounts already; but he has not yet won.

PHILIPPOS.

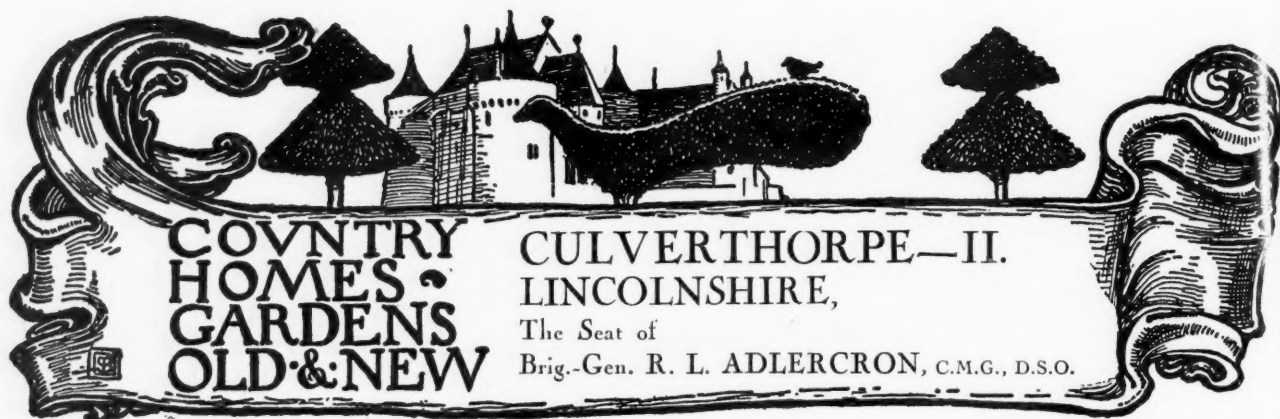


W. A. Rouch.

FILLY BY GAY CRUSADER—LADY JOSEPHINE.

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A half-sister of Mumtaz Mahal, she was the highest priced yearling at the Doncaster sales (6,800 gns.).



SIR MICHAEL NEWTON, K.B., succeeded his father at "Hatherthorpe," as it was alternatively called, in 1734. During the lifetime of his father he had already inherited, in 1725, "a great estate" by the death of his uncle, Sir Michael Warton, brother of his mother, and had sat for the family's borough of Beverley for several years before he was nominated for the Newton borough of Grantham. He married in 1730 no less a person than Lady Margaret Coningsby, one of the two Hampton Court heiresses, the other of whom married Lord Essex. Lady Margaret, during the lifetime of her father, was created Viscountess Coningsby in her own right, and at his demise succeeded as Countess. Sir Michael was also intimately related to young Coke of Norfolk, his half-sister Cary Newton having been mother of Lord Lovel, as he was at the time of Sir Michael's succession. In the same year, 1734, Coke began building his long-projected palace at Holkham, over the plans of which he, Burlington and Kent had sat for years. The elevation was to be something quite new to England—based on their Italian observations. The *dilettanti* of the day, and Coke's intimate friends, no doubt got glimpses of the drawings, and among these was Michael Newton. He intended extensive alterations to his own house, including the demolition of two sixteenth century flanking blocks of outhouses and their substitution by correct pavilions joined to the central block by colonnades. All this was shown as if completed by Badslade; but there is no question of the work ever having been executed,

as the older buildings remain *in situ*, which they could not possibly have done had the plan been carried through. Sir Michael's time, during the nine years of his life as owner of Culverthorpe, was taken up with re-facing the entrance front as Badslade shows it and with various internal decorations.

The entrance front, with its absolutely plain wings pierced only, *à la* Kent, by single Venetian windows, had a porch added to it ornamented with a frieze of ox-skull and swag ornamentation which appears very markedly on certain parts of the ceiling of the great staircase at Holkham. But otherwise, it is an ill-proportioned little excrescence. The window above it is run into it by the ramping device favoured by Kent. The print shows the roofs unbalustraded on this side, but that of the central block parapeted on the garden side higher than it is now. The extent to which Sir Michael altered the form of the windows of the Carolean house is uncertain; the pedimented and architraved ones on this side would appear to be his, but similar architraves appear on the garden front over older Queen Anne window-frames. There is reason to believe that the lay-out shown by Badslade is fairly accurate; there are many letters from the gardeners of Culverthorpe to Sir John and Sir Michael dealing in detail with various plantings and pavings of walks which, however, it would be a hopeless task to think of identifying. Badslade, however he might take for granted the completion of a design which he found in progress, was generally accurate in his gardens, and many old trees remain



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1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT.
Adapted between 1734 and 1743.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE HALL, SHOWING THE DOUBLE SCREEN OF COLUMNS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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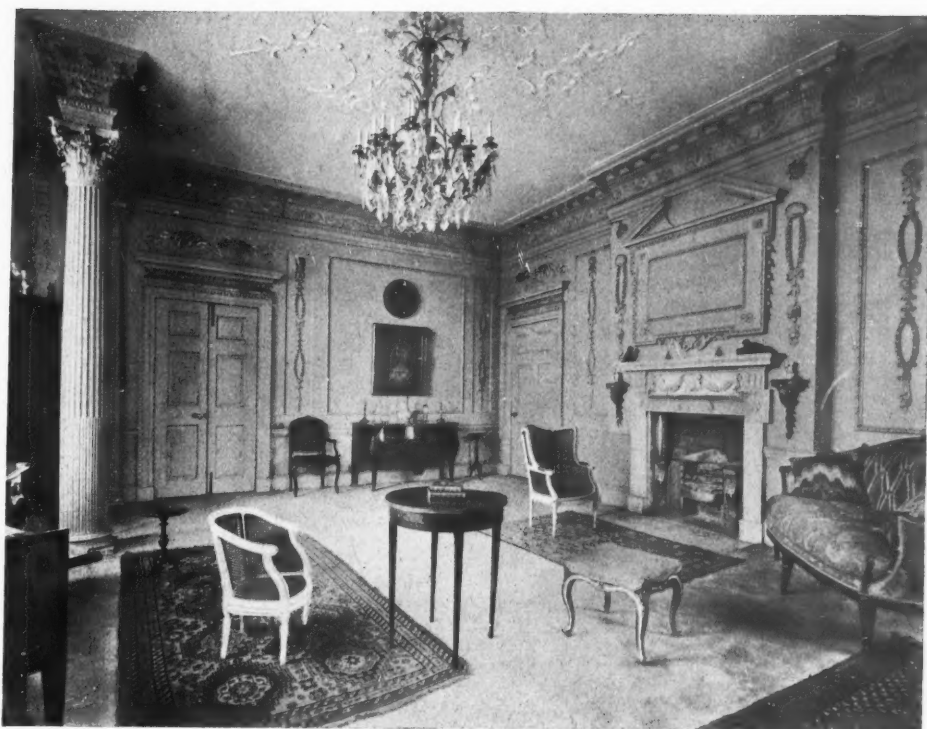
3.—THE EAST END OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quite excellent. The window, though outwardly Venetian, will be seen to lack its arch, an arrangement necessitated by the bedroom above, where two projections in either corner form an alcove for the bed. The alcoves are supported by the demi-screens consisting each of one and a half pillars which flank the window. These, too, give just one of those touches of individuality to the house which make it so charming—touches which completely vanish when the style of which Sir Michael may be said to have been one of the apostles was received as a doctrine.

The other end of the hall gives into the great drawing-room. A tradition attaches to this room that much, if not all, the interior fittings were brought from Grimsthorpe Castle. This was affirmed frequently by the late Lady Exeter, who had been told so by her father, Sir Thomas Whichcote of Aseby, who was born about 1813. Very possibly, Sir Michael left much of the interior, as of the exterior, unfinished, but much of this room's decoration is apparently of the same origin as that of the hall and morning room. The chimneypiece (Fig. 8) is inferior, but comparable to the morning room one, while the detail of the soffits in the fine Venetian window is much the same as that in the hall colonnades and obviously contemporary with the masonry outside. The doorways certainly do seem of slightly later date, but the ceiling is a weak rendering of one of Kent's adaptations of Inigo Jones, with more of the Rococo than Kent admitted. It may be slightly, but only a few years, later than 1740. A feature of this room till recently was some elaborate Rococo drops of carved wood upon the walls. Now, these were not particularly in harmony with the rest of the room, while very similar work does exist to-day at Grimsthorpe. The mere resemblance may quite well have originated this tradition, for traditions of this kind are generally founded not upon a great truth but on a misconception. On the other hand, some wall ornaments, such as carved wood, may have been brought, but such a transfer was highly exceptional, especially from such a great house as Grimsthorpe, which is most conservative of its decoration.

Sir Michael had married, as we have remarked, Lady Coningsby; the son of this union was, therefore, born as Viscount Coningsby of Hampton Court, in 1732. This first and only child, however, died aged two months, so that, on Sir Michael's death in 1743, Culverthorpe set off on its travels. The heir, in this case,

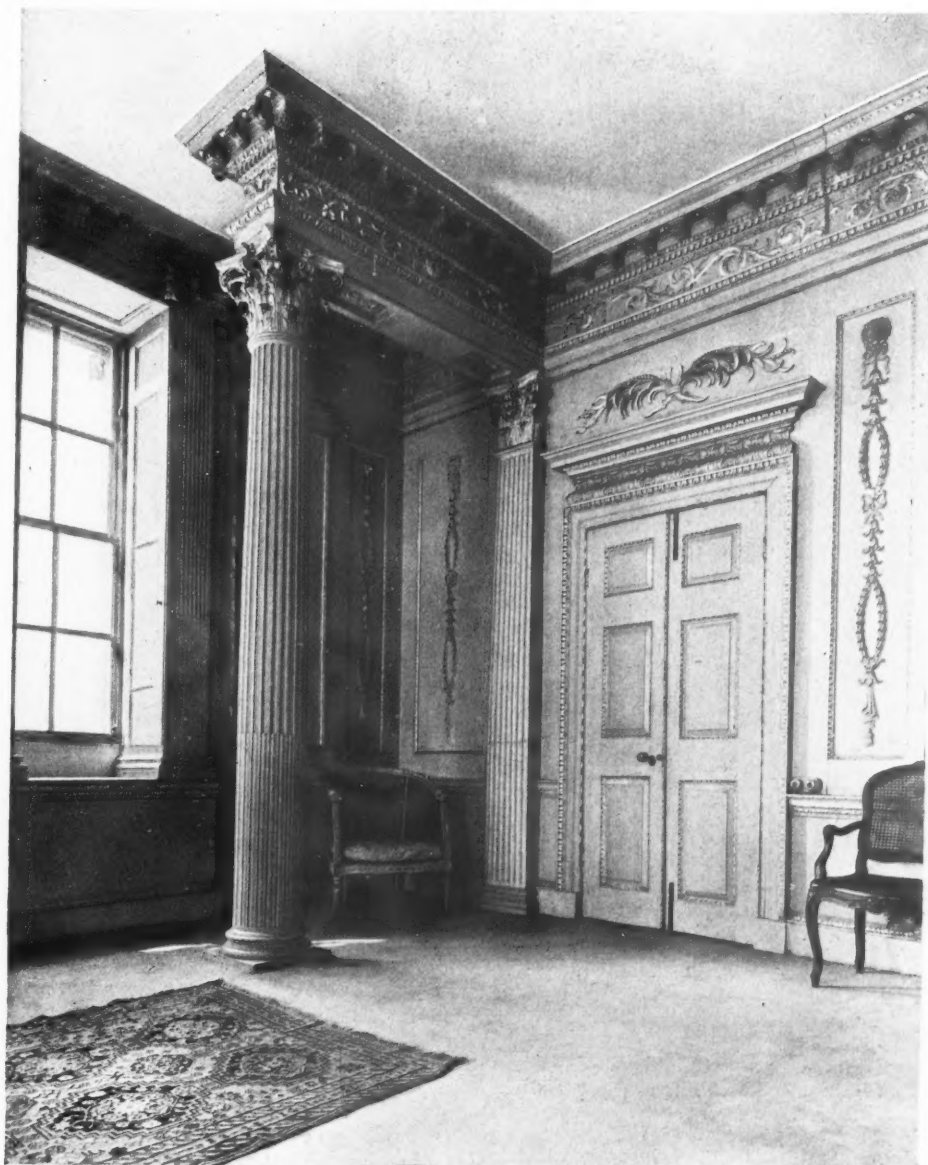


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6.—THE MORNING ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Admirable carved-wood wainscoting painted light grey.



7.—A CORNER OF THE MORNING ROOM SHOWING ONE OF THE DEMI-SCREENS.

was a nephew, Michael Eyre-Archer. Sir Michael's half-sister Susannah was the youth's mother and had married William Eyre, who about that time assumed the name of Archer in compliance with the will of John Archer of Berkshire—from which last week we suggested the interesting possibility of Thomas Archer having had a hand in the design of the garden front at Culverthorpe. Michael Eyre-Archer therefore took the name of Newton, and lived quietly at this place till his death in 1803. His only act would seem to have been the pulling down of the old house at Barr's Court in Gloucestershire, the home of the first baronet; but since the lapse of the title at the death of his uncle Sir Michael no longer of

Oxford fifty years before—succeeded. But she was an aged and childless dame, and died the following year. Her next sister therefore succeeded, Catharine, wife of Philip Blundell, who were likewise a barren couple. They owned Culverthorpe from 1804 till 1810, when the lady died. But with them we come into living memory, as recounted in various letters by the late Mr. Bagshawe. "Mrs. Blundell was indeed a terrible person," he writes somewhere. "I remember that my aunt Newton says in one of her letters, written about 1806 'Mrs. B. is cutting down all the old trees which we held sacred from the axe.' Hence no doubt the different appearance of the grounds now from your great picture and from my engraved print."



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8.—THE MORNING-ROOM CHIMNEYPiece.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Singularly delicate in itself; the whole harmonising well.

any sentimental value to Newton. He married late in life (1799) a Miss Bagshawe, and died, without the heir he had tardily thought of thus begetting, four years later. Both he and his wife are buried at Hampstead, where they appear to have spent much of their time. Culverthorpe, therefore, went to the next child of Susannah Eyre-Archer, daughter of old Sir Michael.

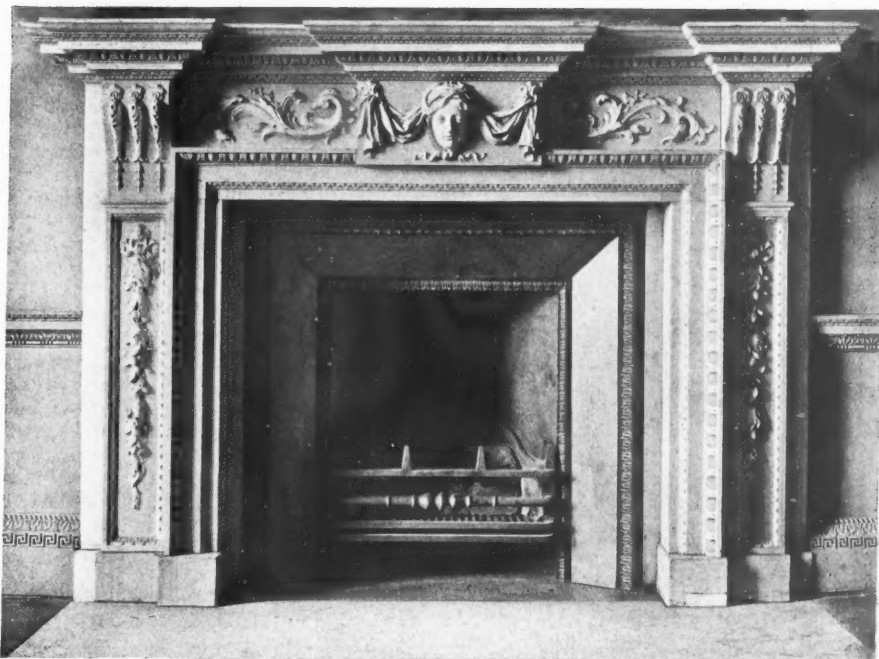
The elder brother of the deceased squire had been John Archer of Welford, but he died in 1800, not, however, without leaving a daughter, called Susannah after the Newtons, who eventually succeeded. Meanwhile, another Susannah—sister of the two squires, and who had married the Earl of

The great picture in question probably belonged to Lady Alice Houlton. Somewhere else Mr. Blundell comes in for his share of blame. Mr. Bagshawe proceeds: "It is my impression that Mr. Blundell was the man who devastated Culverthorpe. . . . The handsome old furniture seems to have been dispersed by him as soon as he came into the property. My great uncle Gen. Murray, writing to his brother-in-law—my grandfather Bagshaw—on 3rd Sept., 1805, said: 'I was at the sale at Thorpe; my chief inducement being a fine old screen which you may recollect in the best drawing room. . . . The splendid gilt chairs, etc., in that room went for an old song.' The General seems to have invested in one

of several gongs that were going to ring.

Thus, it was to little more than the shell and the stumps of Culverthorpe that the third (or fourth) Susannah succeeded. Her grandmother, it must be remembered, was a Newton, sister of the last baronet, and had married Eyre-Archer. Her father was John Archer, who had married a Fitz William. She herself married, in 1770, Jacob Houblon of Hallingbury place in Essex, and, in her right, of the Archer places Welford, Berks, and Coopersale, Essex. After her husband's death and her succession to Culverthorpe and Barr's Court—which gave her possession of at least five places, one demolished—she took the name of Newton, so that her full name was Mrs. Susannah Eyre-Archer-Houblon-Newton; not that she ever used them all, but, like the labels on a portmanteau, they show where she had been. Her son does not seem to have lived at Culverthorpe: which is hardly surprising after the activities of the Blundells; moreover, it was let during the thirties of last century to the member for that division of Lincolnshire, whose name, I confess, I have mislaid. However, it is of no importance whatever. The grandson, however, appears to have spent some time at Culverthorpe—John Archer-Houblon, born 1803—though he naturally adorned Essex, the county of his family's provenance. His younger brother was heir to the Eyre properties, which had all been vested in John Archer-Houblon, son of old Mrs. Susannah. Therefore he dropped the Houblon and revived the Eyre name on succeeding to the Berkshire estates. His son, George Bramston Eyre, succeeded him in Berkshire, and eventually, in 1891, his uncle John at Hallingbury and Culverthorpe, so dropped the Eyre again and resumed the Archer-Houblon. He married Lady Alice Crawford, whose interest in Culverthorpe was the solitary star upon its gloomy horizon until, after Colonel Archer-Houblon's death; the place, which in the process of time had ceased to carry great significance for them, was sold to General Adlercron, the present possessor.

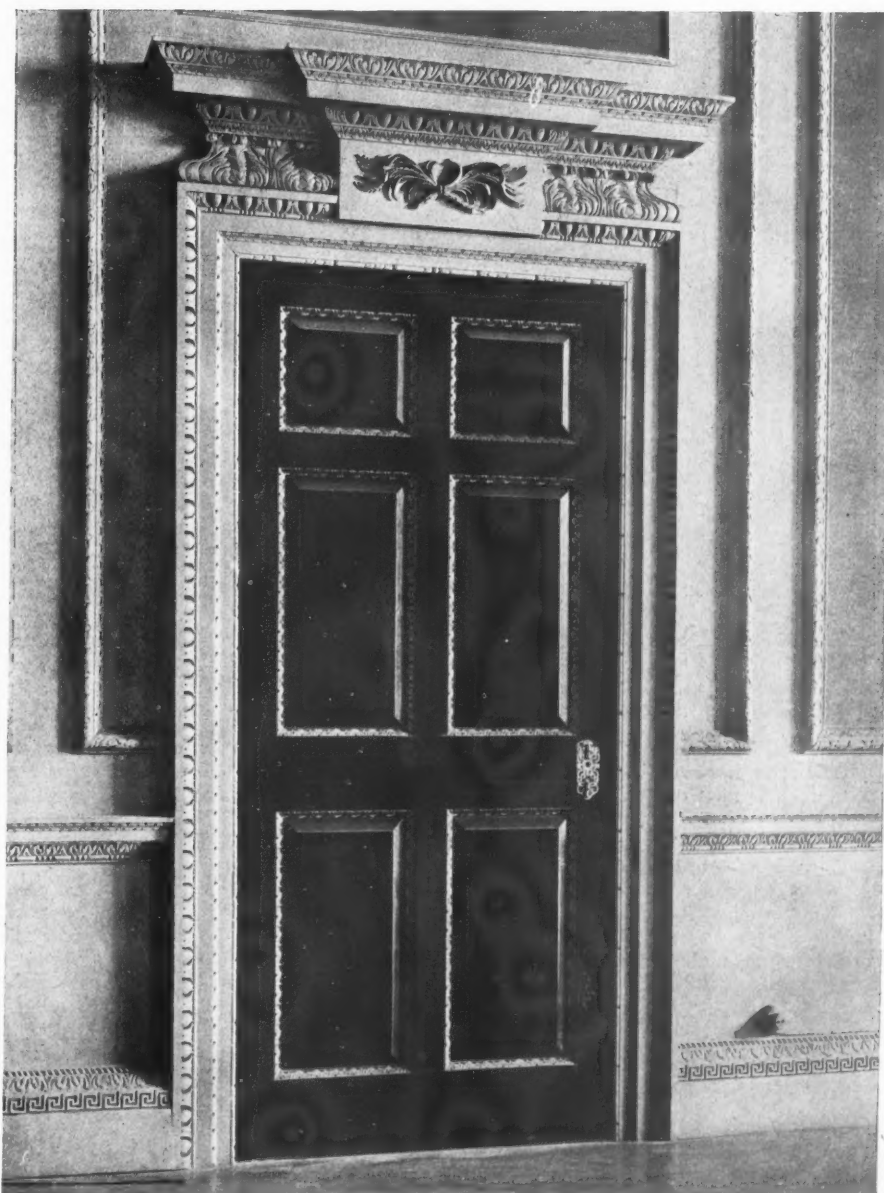
That the house looks happy at being once again inhabited as a home need scarcely be said. As its history, recorded in this and last week's issues, must have made evident, few houses can have gone on such travels as Culverthorpe, which even passed backwards and forwards several times in a generation. The Archer-Houblons were not blessed with a succession of heirs, so that at last Culverthorpe lay deserted, the rough grass of the park lapping the very steps of the garden door. To the present owner and his wife the house owes all its pleasant atmosphere, except that which is imparted by the architectural works, which on very scanty evidence we have here tried to trace. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



Copyright.

9.—THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPiece.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—A DOOR IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

UNBEATEN TRACKS in the GRAMPIANS

JOCK'S ROAD.

ARE you a hill walker? Not a climber who is not happy unless he—or she—has precipices to scale, gulleys to cross, but just a plain hill walker who asks nothing better than a mountain track, sometimes hardly to be dignified by such a name, an air with a “nip” in it, changing views at every turn, and space—space and silence all round you. If you are such a fortunate being, perhaps you have already found for yourself that enchanting piece of country in the heart of the Grampians between Lochnagar and the Cairngorms. If not, you must lose no time in going there so that you may at least have the memory of it, if fate prevents a second visit.

There are some splendid tramps converging on Braemar, each within the compass of a day, in which one can cross moor and deer forest, even in autumn when shooting is at its height, for there are public rights of way little known and, indeed, often difficult to see and to follow.

How delicious it is after a day's work in a stuffy London office to step into the train at Euston and wake next morning in the keen air of the Highlands. We made our entry by way of Kirriemuir, Barrie's “Thrums,” and this to the holiday-maker from the South has the added advantage of cutting nearly a hundred miles off the rail journey from London to Braemar.

hour of the day the horses were away, the late Scottish harvest being in full swing. So our hostess came herself to make sure that we really understood how far it was and that we were properly equipped with maps and compass. Finally, she asked us to let her have a postcard to tell her of our safe arrival.

We started off soon after eight duly laden with knapsacks and made good time along the road. We were glad we walked, for, although it is definitely a driving road and not so romantic as a hill track, it is yet one of those enticing roads which, seen in a picture, make one at once eager to find where it goes and what is round the corner.

At Glen Doll Lodge the road becomes a track leading straight across the hills. As we climbed slowly up the glen we were very much tempted to shed our knapsacks and lie on the heather, but we remembered the advice so often given us by more experienced hill walkers, never to sit down until you reach the top. So we only allowed ourselves to lean against the big boulders scattered along our path to look south, down the lovely glen, and to take photographs.

There was no difficulty in finding the path until we reached the plateau at the top—a spur of Lochnagar called White Mounth. Then the fun began. Thanks to the Scottish Rights of Way and Recreation Society the path, or rather the direction one has



ON THE SADDLE OF LOCHNAGAR.

We breakfasted at Kirriemuir and then went by post cart along a road which meandered its peaceful way the sixteen miles to Clova. Clova consists of an inn, and little else, tucked away in the heart of the hills; and such an inn—the inn of our dreams, where the bed and table linen, if coarse, is linen, “made in Thrums,” and the food, the good farmhouse fare so often read of, but so seldom met!

And why bother to go on the Continent to get a change of language? Our fellow guests, four in number, obviously found it just as difficult to understand our English as we did their Scottish tongue. They seemed flattered that we two London spinsters had come so far to see this little known spot and were anxious to do the honours, but the only thing the taciturn member of the party could find to tell us of the lovely hills surrounding us was: “Fine bleachin’ accommodation.”

We spent a delightful week-end there and on Monday morning were ready to set off for Braemar, intending to drive as far as the road went. It was only then, on asking for our bill and explaining we were walking to Braemar that day, we realised how little our conversation had been understood. Had the people at the inn understood that we were contemplating more than a mere picnic they would have let us have a “machine” to take us to the foot of Glen Doll, but by that

to take, is marked out by cairns or “stone men.” That is to say, to indicate the way in this desolate waste peppered with huge boulders, here and there one of them is marked by a cairn consisting of a few small stones or even by only one stone placed on top of it. We did our duty as good hill walkers and added our stones to every stone man we passed, difficult enough, for most of those lying about were much too big to lift. We discovered the only way for this sort of game was first to find your cairn and then to stick to it till you had spotted the next, just as you do in golf when you keep an eye on a ball in the rough.

In addition to the cairns, there were a few guide posts, but as those we found were lying flat on the ground, having, we learnt later, been pushed over by the deer, they were not as helpful as they were meant to be.

It was on the plateau that we realised how easy it would be on a misty day to get completely and hopelessly lost. This had, in fact, happened to two experienced hill walkers, both of whom knew the hills like a book. Yet, they were benighted owing to mist, and with disastrous results. We, however, were lucky.

Suddenly we came to a place from which we could see the range of the Cairngorms far away in the distance, absolutely

clear-cut and distinct against the sky and powdered with snow which had fallen the night before.

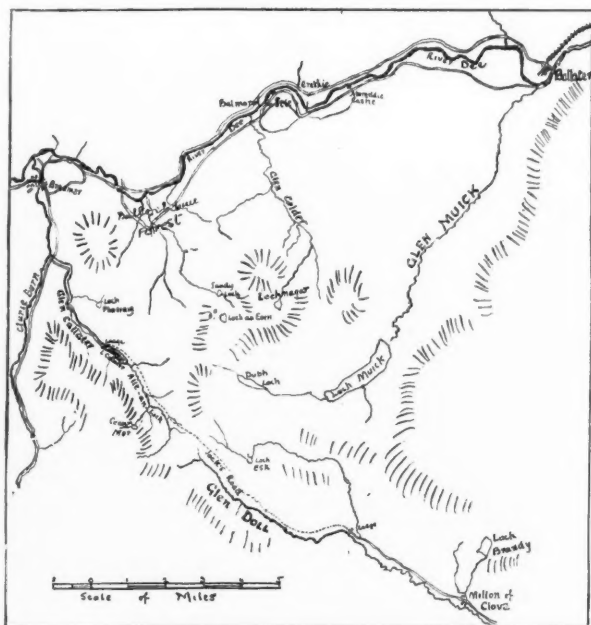
There we sat down only
ready for lunch, for it
was just on two o'clock, and
allowed ourselves a good
hour to sit in the sun, map in
hand, conning the hills around.

Loch Callater was so far below that we could only see the farther, the Braemar, end of it. We could easily have done with an extra hour or two on that glorious summit, but we knew we had still ten miles to do to Braemar, and should be getting on.

We dropped down almost perpendicularly over the Saddle of the Tolmont. There was no path, but there was no mistaking the direction. We followed a hill stream, or, rather, a succession of small waterfalls, Allt-an-Loch, rough some awkward moments, laden with rocks. However, we got safely to the bottom without mishap and



LOOKING DOWN ON LOCH CALLATER.



LOCK'S ROAD.

started off on what was the longest and most trying bit of the whole day's walk. We had, for some reason, imagined that, once down the Saddle, we were practically at Loch Callater, whereas there was a stiff four-mile tramp, during the whole length of which we had to pick our way up to the knee in heather and rank grass, along the Allt-an-Loch burn, shut in by hills over two thousand feet high, where on the steep west side, situated in a magnificent corrie, lies Loch Ceann Mor (literally Home of the Wild Goats), 2,096ft. above sea level.

In time we did achieve Loch Callater and there the valley widened out and we came on a path—a little sheep track—again. At the end of the loch, by the keeper's lodge, the road proper down Glen Callater begins. There we stopped and had a drink and

put on dry stockings, as our feet were sopping after our walk along the grassy haugh at the foot of the Saddle.

Much refreshed, we started at a good swing down Glen Callater, the most desolate glen in the near vicinity of Braemar. Not a tree could be seen, and the hills rose stony and bleak on either side. Down the glen runs the road, turning and twisting so that at every point we could see the hills from a different angle and in some new light. Parallel with it rushed the burn, with its deep, quiet salmon pools, its miniature waterfalls, and its clear little tumbling shallows through which gleamed the many-coloured rocks of its stony bed.

At the end of the glen, just before the burn is crossed by the Perth road, the stream runs through a deep cutting out of sight of the path. But we walked to its edge just to look down on its clear brown waters, reflecting the orange and red of the hardy rowan trees overshadowing it—the first trees we came to after leaving Glen Doll Lodge—and the yellows of the blaeberries against the grey rocks bordering the burn.

Once on the Perth road, we found it easy walking into Braemar, which we could see two miles off against its background of hills in their ever-changing colours—dark blue, almost black or grape purple, or bright green where the sun struck on patches of moss not yet touched by frost; Ben Avon, crowned with its queer rocky lumps, standing out against the horizon; a glimpse of the dark pines—part of the Forest of Mar—on Carn na Drochaide rising steeply from the Dee on the farther side of the river valley.

By this time we were feeling rather stiff and thinking a little of the end of our walk; but we had to break our swing and turn to look back up the lovely Clunie valley towards the Perthshire hills. However, we arrived in Braemar in time for a late tea and a much-needed hot bath.

The distance from door to door was twenty miles—Scottish miles!—and we did not see a soul after we passed Glen Doll Lodge until we got on to the Perth road, with the one exception



ALLT-AN-LOCH.

of a keeper whom we saw away on the hills in the distance, crawling on his hands and knees in the heather, watching the deer.

The road, known as Jock's Road, was often used in the old droving days, for it was one of the routes over the hills by which sheep and cattle were driven from the north down to the Perth Fair. If legend errs not, Rob Roy had a Deeside lair

near Dinnet Moor what time he played his part in "reiving" cattle from the Sassenach. We liked to think of Rob treading the heather where we had been tramping that day, even if his job was spoiling the Sassenach, for he was a kindly soul.

But Jock's Road, we must repeat, is not a tramp to be undertaken by anyone, however good a walker, except in clear weather.

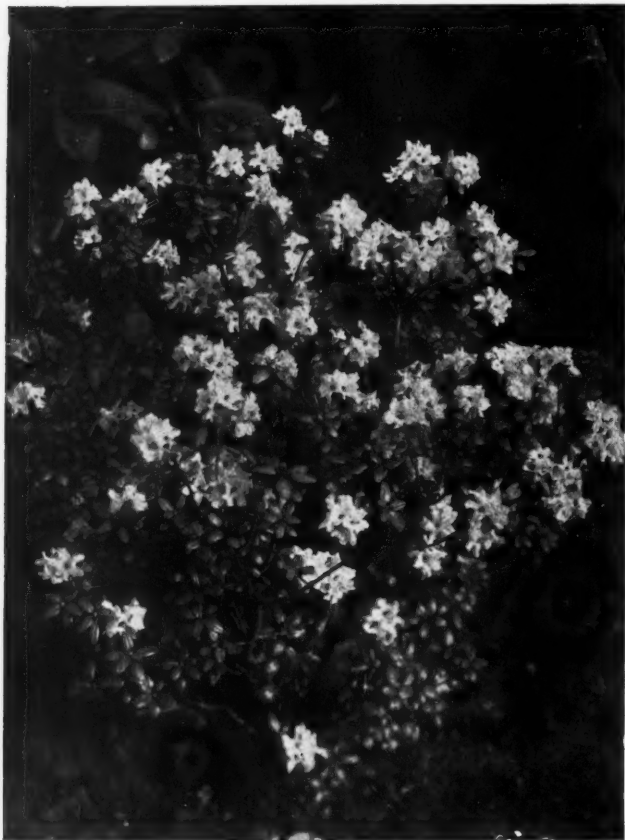
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RHODODENDRON NOTES

By E. H. M. Cox.

THIS year has been difficult for rhododendrons on the East Coast of Scotland. First, came the open winter, followed by a moderate spring, with a mild succession of spring frosts. Buds began to swell and burst and I began to look forward to a famous season, but my hopes were dashed by the long series of drying winds in May, June and July. There was little real warmth, and such showers as visited the East Coast kept to the hills and left our part of the country alone.

I could almost feel the disappointment the rhododendrons experienced; two plants particularly came to my mind. One of my largest plants is an original Thomsoni-Fortunei cross, raised by the late Sir Edmund Loder. It is 10ft. high and full grown, and was lifted, carted and railed in 1922 all the way from Sussex to Perthshire. The mild winter suited it, and it thought it had found a congenial home. It flung out flower buds broadcast, which were carefully thinned so as to conserve its resources. During the first of the May winds it began to open its buds and little by little the petals of soft rose appeared; but the advance became slower as the days went on and the flowers never reached more than half their usual diameter. The air was as dry as tinder, so the plant was sprayed lavishly every morning, but to no purpose. It could not cope with the atmosphere and suddenly lost heart; the flowers dropped off one by one, lax and imperfect, with no fight left in them. The other plant was *R. plebeium*, an aromatic friend of mine, with open campanulate bells of a clear rose magenta—not of that muddy tinge so often associated with that most lax of all terms, rose-lilac—but a pure colour and a favourite of mine. This poor thing suffered even more severely. Its buds began to swell and went on growing until the whole of the outside of the petals were perfect, but the flowers obstinately refused to open their doors. Suddenly, in a night, it also gave up the fight and in the morning all the buds were lying on the ground.



RHODODENDRON INTRICATUM, STILL PROMINENT AMONG THE ALPINE RHODODENDRONS

There was no other reason for this behaviour but the tinder-like atmosphere; their situation is good and they are sheltered from excess of wind and sun. This season has taught me one lesson: not to wait for the drought before watering. Anything which one can do in the way of artificial watering on absolutely dry soil is practically useless. The only thing is to water before the ground is baked. Personally, in future I am going to make my limit of drought one week only before I begin to water. Where there is great depth of soil this activity in watering is not so necessary, but my soil is fairly light and shallow, with great beds of rock underneath. The only section of my rhododendrons which were quite content during these three months were the alpine species. They are planted on steep banks under a waterfall, where the air is always moist and a certain amount of water seeps through the rocks. There I have planted my *hippophæoides*, *scintillans*, *intricatum*, and all the *lapponicum* and *campylogynum* series. They were planted out in March and have never looked back.

There is no doubt that it is a bad thing to try to grow plants raised in a softer climate than your own. It is not a question of hardiness. I have a whole series of *R. campanulatum* which is an excellent example. Some were raised at home from Indian seed, some came from Exeter, and one from the West Coast of Scotland. The foreigners have to be treated with respect and their likes and dislikes catered for, but the home product (by this I mean grown from seed at home), I can use and abuse as I like. Plants from Cornwall I invariably winter in a cold house and plant out in the spring. So far, Rhododendron species have been comparatively scarce and they have to be picked up wherever possible, but soon I hope the time will come when every district will have its own rhododendron nursery.

Even the common hybrids suffered this year, in many cases more severely than the rarer species. Last spring I bought some of the new Dutch hybrids raised by Mr. Van Ness. They had been bred in a hard climate and I gave them exposed positions. Never have I seen plants respond so well. One, called the Earl of Athlone, a stripling of 3ft., had eleven trusses—really far too many for the size of the plant—8ins. in diameter and about the most brilliant crimson I have ever seen. These plants have come to a climate soft in comparison to that to which they have been accustomed.

I have just returned from Scotland and everything is changed; with over 5ins. of rain during August, both seedlings and grown plants are in full vigour again. I had a great many seedlings of Farrer 979, a fine species of the decorum series; in April I had planted out a long row of them to form a hedge, only to find in May that they had been blasted by a severe hailstorm. To my surprise, when I returned in August, instead of a row of browned and wizened seedlings, there was a miniature hedge, with sturdy new growth of 4ins. or 5ins. and perfect leaves of that delicate near apple-green shade so typical of the decorums. Such are the joys of the cultivation of rhododendrons; they react so quickly when anything suits them. There are numerous cases of this reaction in my garden. Both Hodgsoni and



ONE OF THE BEST OF THE NEW HYBRIDS—EARL OF ATHLONE.

Thomsoni, whose young foliage had been started earlier in the year, have long shoots of fresh green peering out by the side of the earlier leaves, and in another week they will be entirely smoothed.

Still more extraordinary is the case of one of my auriculatum, which are always difficult subjects so far north. Its habit of breaking into growth extremely late in the year makes it an invaluable plant in the South, where it sends out its young leaves in August. With its large leaf surface it is obviously a plant for medium shade, but that does not suit it in the North. There it is so late, often well into the second half of September, that the young wood has not ripened sufficiently by November to protect it from the autumn frosts. I had suffered from this for a year or two, then I was bold enough to plant it in almost full sun, and obstinate enough to refuse to move it when its leaves began to curl up and fall off one by one. Now I have had my reward; it is a solid mass of that wonderful bronze-purple velvet, with all the patina of an old Chinese bronze. The growth has come at the right time and it is safe from autumn frosts.

My nursery has also suffered no harm from the drought, but then it is placed in the most favoured position and was never allowed to get dry. Even here the August rain has been beneficial and every seedling of three years or younger is making a second growth. I am a great believer in planting out seedlings in the nursery at the earliest opportunity. This year their growth has been as quick as if they had been coddled in a greenhouse. Little mites which were hugging the ground four months ago have shot away towards the sunlight and are now sturdy little plants 3 ins. and 4 ins. high. I must add a word of qualification to the statement about planting seedlings as small as possible. This is the best method, if planted out in the spring to fend for themselves, but big-leaved species should not be planted out in the late summer unless their leaves are away from the ground.



A PART OF THE GARDEN CLEARED FOR RHODODENDRONS.
The moist air of this gully is excellent for all dwarf alpinines.

It is the little ground puffs of damp cold wind that cause damping-off in the winter, but the moment there is an air space between their leaves and the soil they are more or less safe from that peril.

This year has also proved to the utmost the theory that rhododendrons with glaucous foliage can withstand drying winds and burning from the sun far better than any other species. Thomsoni Soulei and Roylei are cases in point. I have always believed in this theory and plant them in exposed positions. I have a long row of them in full sun and exposed to the west wind, and the foliage, although smaller than usual, is as crisp and as fresh as it could be. It is a useful point to remember, for there are positions in many gardens which can be utilised, which would otherwise be wasted for rhododendron culture.

ROMANCE AND REALISM

Deirdre, by James Stephens. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

Captures, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THOSE who are keeping vigil for the appearance of a new type of novel will feel a certain amount of disappointment in the discovery that the writers of both of these books travel along a beaten trail. Mr. James Stephens is a very accomplished writer both in prose and verse, and he has given us a fine romance. But the type is a very old one. Nineteen hundred years ago it would have come with freshness and beauty, for *Deirdre* was to Ireland more than Helen of Troy was to the Greeks. She was, among heroines, as lovely as she was wise, more an Atalanta than a Helen. She and the sons of Uisneac were fitting subjects for the greatest of the old writers. Greece had not more valorous men or a more beautiful woman, and the incidents of her life might have fitted into a saga belonging to all time. It is, however, late in the day. Her story was made familiar to all by the late William Sharpe, as well as by those who took the most active part in the Gaelic revival. The credit due to Mr. Stephens is that, in spite of all that has gone before, he has shown that age has not withered nor custom staled her infinite variety. She lived, too, in a heroic age. The sons of Uisneac were fighting heroes not unworthy of a place beside Achilles, Ajax and Odysseus. The great fight between the little band of brothers enclosed within the Red Branch is great even compared with those that took place between the Greeks and Trojans before the walls of Troy, while no bard could have desired a more formidable and dramatic monster than Conachur, but it is a strange survival to an age which the President of the British Association has aptly described as the "Heroic Age of Physics." The youth of to-day, who are familiar in the newspapers, if through no other avenue, with wars conducted with guns that could fling shells from this country into the heart of Belgium, can scarcely rise to heights of excitement about a battle fought with slings instead of cannon and poison gas. Had it come among the first of the romantic novels, *Deirdre* would have met with a tumultuous welcome; but coming, as it does, after Dumas and Scott, not to speak of their thousands of

imitators, or to allude to the oldest masters, it cannot fulfil the expectation of those who recognise that a time has come for the novel to enter upon a new chapter in its history. One saving grace deserves to be mentioned. The book contains many passages of beautiful writing, such as this:

She lost herself in the moon, wooing it, wooed by it, until she seemed to move in the moon, and the moon to move in her; a sole whiteness, a sole chillness, one equal potency—For what? For that, for it, for something, for nothing, for everything. She submitted her destiny to the delicate sweet lady of the sky, and one night, beckoned to, drawn at, surrounded, a small moon shining in the moon, she went on and on, passing the grass to the turf, leaving the turf for the stony places; from there to the wall, and over the wall also; . . .

It is very modern and not very like the thoughts of a young woman of her day, but one forgives a great deal for the sheer beauty of it.

Mr. Galsworthy's sixteen short stories or sketches seem to owe the general title under which they are marshalled—*Captures*—to the fact of their being recaptured from the various publications in which they originally appeared. The best of them by far is "A Feud," which Mr. Galsworthy has very properly placed first on the list. It is a tale of disillusion, but also an example of the power which is growing rather than waning in the writer. That, indeed, redeems it in some measure from the ultra-realism which, by itself, would have been hideous and repulsive. Youth is represented by two young people of the form that may be described in one word—Zolaist. Edward Bowden, engaged to an amiable but thin-blooded young woman, forsakes her for a rival whose attraction is purely physical. The association ends in a way that, unhappily, is not uncommon among the rural population, and is complicated by the fact that the young man is called to the war, leaving the girl to get through her trouble as best she may. Yet he is not so very bad, as that brief description might imply. He is placed in a part of the front from which he is forbidden to send any geographical information and would, probably, have not run away at all but that the father of his original fiancée had forced her to bring an action for breach of promise and he was ordered to pay damages to the extent of £300. The real fact of the

matter is that the boy and girl in the story are mere puppets. The real encounter is between the father of the boy and the uncle of his first sweetheart. The feud between them had arisen out of a dog. Bowden's yellow dog had bitten Steer's ungaitered leg and this caused Steer to bring his gun next day and solemnly execute the dog. He was the third person whom the dog had bitten and, therefore, his neighbour could not plead for his whippet the privilege of the first bite; but there started, from that moment, a hatred between them which was deepened by what was considered the unsportsmanlike behaviour of bringing an action for breach of promise against the young man. At first, father and son could scarcely believe that their neighbour was "going to take the law of them." The sense of tragedy is deepened when a telegram arrives: "Greatly regret inform you your son killed in action on seventh instant. War Office." It was said recently by a learned professor that of the human race 90 to 95 per cent. of all people are still in the Neolithic stage, to which they will readily revert and would, indeed, have done so but for the example and restraint imposed by the remaining 10 or 5 per cent. of decent people. Apparently, even that pinch of salt was lacking in the village where all this took place. "God for ever darn the blasted colley," he said slowly,

gathering up the telegram. "Where's my stick?" And with it he went in search of his hated neighbour:

And Bowden turned up into the lane. There was a dull buzzing in his ears, but his nostrils moved, savouring the evening scents of grass, of cow-dung, dried earth, and hedgerow weeds. His nose was alive, the rest within him all knotted into a sort of bitter tangle round his heart. The blood beat in his temples, and he dwelled heavily on foot and foot. Along this road Steer must come in his cart—God for ever darn him!

The fight between these ancient warriors really required the irony of Fielding to do it justice. They fought themselves to the point of exhaustion, and the last sentence sums up the story:

And in Bowden something went out. He had not the heart to hate.

It is, with its living old men and its youthful marionettes, a picture from the life, but conceived in a spirit like to that of Thomas Hardy in his most cynical mood. We have dealt with it at some length because it is the most dramatic sketch in the volume and the story is told with a firm, light hand that reveals Mr. Galsworthy divested of many of his dreams and aspirations. That it is a piece of realism is neither for nor against it as a work of art. The other stories differ very much in value.

FLEETNESS AND SAGACITY

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.

A REMARKABLE contrast in form and mentality is illustrated by the dogs whose photographs are published this week. It is said that the greyhound is one of the swiftest animals living, though, probably, a cheetah could beat one in the first mad rush after a buck, the difference being that the latter has usually had enough at the end of a couple of hundred yards, while the hound will go on. The greyhound seems to be a perfect bit of mechanism for sprinting; it is difficult to see how he could be improved in make and shape, and I doubt if he has changed materially in form for some hundreds of years. His lines are such as to delight the eye of a sculptor—elegant, refined and beautiful, and shown to perfection by his short coat. I should not give him a very high place, however, either for braininess or devotion. This, perhaps, is attributable to the fact that the majority of them, being kept for a highly specialised purpose, are not usually brought into that intimacy with human beings that is needed in order to draw out their faculties. Those that have been reared as house dogs are said to exhibit better qualities. But by crossing one with a sheepdog or collie you produce an animal that cannot well be excelled for cleverness. The lurcher is notoriously wise and sensible, not to say crafty.

If we were to strip the Old English sheepdog of his heavy coat, the dissimilarity between the twain would not be so marked, I imagine. In 1859 "Stonehenge" described the dog as having "a well shaped body, formed after the model of a strong low greyhound, but clothed in thick and somewhat woolly hair, which is particularly strong about the neck and bosom." Cultivation for show purposes has added much to the size

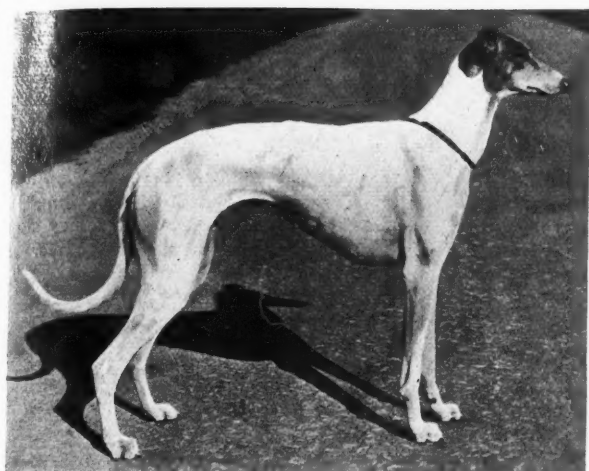
since those words were written, but if you watch a bobtail galloping you will observe how gracefully he moves, and with what exquisite liberty he covers the ground. He is far from being clumsy, as a sight of one at rest might lead one to suppose. He has the light and easy action of a dancer. It is usual to describe the bobtail as homely, but to my mind the word is scarcely applicable. If we were unaware of his origin we should be inclined to call him handsome when he is decked out in his best costume for the show ring. Then look at his sensible eye and wise head. These in themselves are attractions that cannot fail to appeal to animal lovers. Miss F. A. White, the owner of the dogs illustrated, says: "He is quite unlike any other breed, both in looks and temperament. His brain must certainly have more grey matter than that of most, for, although like Peter Pan he never grows up, being always full of life,

fun and energy, he is never a pup, if you can understand what I mean. He is such a wise little chap, following almost from birth, learning to be led without the slightest trouble, and, though full of vim, he does not stray far away from his kennel, and takes life as it comes, his failing, if failing it is, being that he is a one-man dog. His devotion is for his master, a sort of cold friendship for a few, and a very warm one for anyone interfering with what he considers his or his owner's property."

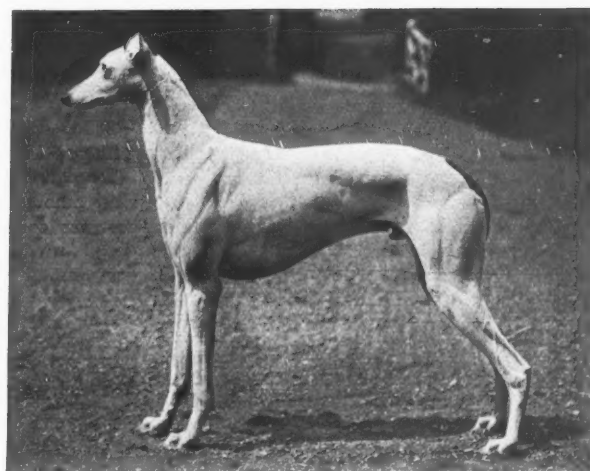
Before the sheepdog became more or less universal he was regarded as being somewhat morose. Having been used to a solitary life in the company of shepherds and drovers, he acquired the taciturnity of his human associates, and his friendship was not readily given to every effusive person who sought to win



MISS F. A. WHITE AND A BRACE OF WELL KNOWN DOGS.
Champion Fascinating Ways and Fire Water, winners of many prizes.



FLOWER WOMAN.



FIRE WATER.

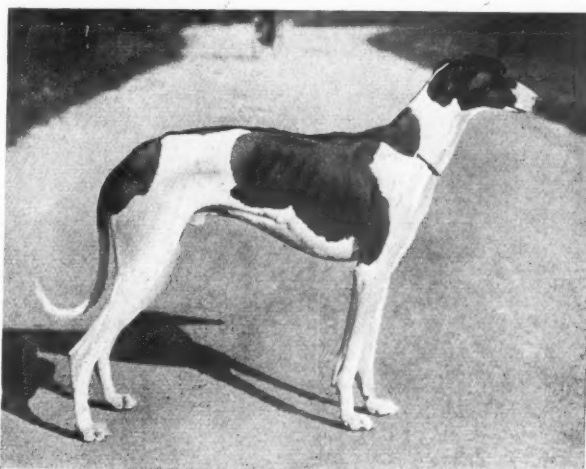
it. His character developed under the influence of a different type of owner, as attention was given to breeding on more scientific lines, but he still exercises discrimination in the bestowal of his favours. It will be noticed that breeders aim at the production of a dog fitted to work in the field, except, perhaps, in the matter of size. I should imagine that he belongs to the class of pastoral dogs that were originally used for guarding the flocks rather than herding them, but after this function had fallen into desuetude height and strength were of less account than activity and endurance. No doubt, the bigger dog is the more imposing and is a greater tribute to the skill of the breeder, so we may leave it at that. The close dock, which does not leave so much as a stump to be wagged, is usually said to be a relic of the days in which the operation exempted from taxation; but I suspect it is not altogether dissociated from the ancient superstition that it was a preventive of madness, or the equally grotesque idea that it strengthened the back.

If Miss White is as successful with her bobtails as she has been in the past with greyhounds, she should help on the breed materially. For some years she has had the dominant kennel of show greyhounds, year after year bringing out new ones that manage to keep at the top. Although American exhibitors make heavy inroads upon her stock, she continues to find other good ones to take their place. I asked her to tell me how it is that Cornwall is the stronghold of the show type, and her explanation is as follows: "It is because they run wild in their youth, getting their entire liberty, and, of course, there is that 'something' in the air that grows them. The mildness suits the greyhound constitution, I think. Coursing men, I know,

jeer at the show longtail, but I have had experience of both coursing and show dogs, and if you catch your Cornish dog young, and keep and train him on the usual lines, he is just as game, and in many cases more so than Waterloo blood. What he lacks is just a bit of pace in the run up, but he comes again in a way many of the coursing dogs fail to do. This is constitution, and the fact that they have not been pampered as pups. There is no disputing that the Cornish dogs go back

to the old running blood—Greentick, Misterton, Princess Dagmar, Coomassie and Jenny Jones."

Running greyhounds, even if they possess the make and shape, do not usually exhibit the perfection of finish that is needed for the show ring. Now and then we see good-looking dogs at the end of a stake. Canaradzo, by Beacon out of Scotland Yet, is said to have been the handsomest winner of the Waterloo Cup, having size and elegance of outline; and the little Coomassie is reputed to have been perfectly put together, a beauty in miniature, for she only weighed 44lb. As the winner at Altcar two years in succession, her name has been handed down to fame. Among the best at Weybridge Farm, Romford, is that wonderful young dog Fortune's Wheel, who was awarded



CH. FORTUNE'S WHEEL.
Winner of three challenge certificates.

his first challenge certificate at the Kennel Club Show in October. His second was won at Manchester, and his third at Kensington recently, so that he now bears the title of champion. Flower Woman, now the property of Mr. Robert P. Neely of New York, also became a champion at the same show. Ch. Final Word was sold at a record price to Mr. MacClay, president of the New York Horse Show, and the old favourite, Ch. Fabian Way, is also in the United States.



DOUBLE PANSY.



DAYLIGHT PATROL.

Winners of many prizes.

PUTTING COURSES

BY W. HERBERT FOWLER.

THE game of golf shows no signs of losing its popularity. In fact, there is only one thing which keeps it from growing still faster than it does. The large amount of ground required to accommodate a first-class course, the cost of making it, building a club house and furnishing it all combine to make the figures something almost prohibitive, except in cases where the population is large and there are many men of capital to support a club. Golf therefore requires far more land and a larger amount of capital per club than any other game, and it is only the fact that it is everyone's game that has enabled it to take the place it does to-day among the recreations of people of all classes of society.

The issue of a match has been said to be generally decided on the putting green. This is, perhaps, true of the very best players, who drive and approach with mechanical accuracy, but there are large numbers of players who find it very difficult to begin putting early enough in the play of the hole to enable them to make up for topped tee-shots or fozzles through the green. But there can be no doubt as to the importance of putting for all classes of players, nor can its fascination be denied.

Some critics have considered that the success of the American players comes from the fact that they putt better than those of our countrymen whom they have met in the Championships. This is, probably, an exaggeration, but there is no sort of doubt that they pay great attention to putting and, as a class, practise more than our best players do.

Since, then, we have it laid down that putting is all important, it would seem reasonable to assume that the general provision of putting courses all over the country ought to become popular. The amount of ground necessary for a first-class golf course is generally put down at anything from 100 acres upwards. If so little as 100 acres, the ground must have no waste in it, and even then great care in the lay-out will have to be taken to avoid congestion. For a first-class putting course, however, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres will suffice. An area of this dimension can generally be secured within easy reach of any large centre of population, or, at any rate, on a tram route,

so near as to make it only a short journey from the town. It is of the greatest importance in laying out a putting course that it should be made on scientific principles. Just as much care will have to be taken to get the necessary slopes and runs as is the case in designing a full-grown links. No absolutely flat putting course would be long popular. The



A MATCH ON THE LADIES' PUTTING LINKS, ST. ANDREWS.

Edith, Lady Playfair, Mrs. Crawley-Boevey, Miss Grainger and Mrs. Hill.

best instances of successful putting courses at the present time are those of the Ladies' Golf Club of St. Andrews and the one attached to the Cooden Beach Golf Club. In both of these courses there are hills and valleys, and they have to be judged for all the longer shots. This makes play on them intensely interesting, and, as a matter of fact, they are in constant use during a large portion of the year.

Another popular course is also at St. Andrews. During the past forty years the Corporation of St. Andrews have been able to build a sea wall north of the club house of the Royal and Ancient Club and by degrees to fill up the ground inside it. They have now two putting courses on this reclaimed land, and they take a fabulous revenue from them. The charge per round is only 2d., but if a putter and ball are included the charge is 4d. During the summer and autumn these courses are full of players, from four or five year olds up to octogenarians.

The Ladies' Golf Club of St. Andrews was formed in 1867, and at that time no lady was ever seen on the links playing the Royal and Ancient game. But on their own putting course they played many a good match, and the proficiency they attained foreshadowed the wonderful form their granddaughters now show when playing over the most testing of golf courses. In the illustrations shown on this page some of the most famous of present-day veterans are seen on their home green. In addition to ordinary matches, the Ladies' Club have regular medal days, and they also promote match-play tournaments. Owing to their great popularity and the large number of entries, it has been no unusual occurrence for the final rounds to be finished in moonlight. When the St. Andrews Links were



MRS. JAMES BOYD AND HER DAUGHTER AT THE FIFTEENTH HOLE.

taken over from the R. and A. Club by the Town Council of St. Andrews, a clause in the Act of Parliament specially reserved the Ladies' Links for their use in perpetuity. Although the club is called "The Ladies' Golf Club," gentlemen are also elected as associate members, and are allowed to compete for the monthly medal.

At the present time there are very few well equipped putting courses, but so far they have been extraordinarily successful; and there would appear to be no reason why new ones should be less so if they are started on suitable ground and properly designed, and if the greatest attention is paid to the production of the very finest turf. The science of turf production is now thoroughly understood, and there should be no excuse for failure if the seed bed is properly made. But, possibly, the most important point of all is that the hills and valleys and slopes should be carefully designed so as to ensure interesting and testing putting.

How putting on such courses is likely to affect the putting of players who play regularly on the ordinary links is a question on which there is a difference of opinion. One thing is certain: the better the turf and the faster it is the better for them. In the long run, the player who is often putting and using his putter is more likely to keep hitting the ball well than those who refrain from putting anywhere than on ordinary courses. Anyway, countless players have putted



THE LADIES' PUTTING CLUB, ST. ANDREWS.

many rounds on the ladies' putting course at St. Andrews, and one has not heard of any who can say they have permanently injured their form as putters.

A LADY GOLFING PHILOSOPHER

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

A PART from her merits as a player, Miss Eleanor Helme is, perhaps, best known as an entertaining describer of golf matches. Her accounts of the Ladies' Golf Championship, for example, are as spritely and vivid as they are accurate. In "The Lady Golfer's Tip Book" (Mills and Boon) she has slightly altered her style. She has, as I imagine, decided to curb a little her fancy and her humour, though she cannot help writing lightly and pleasantly, and to give womanly succour to her sister golfers in distress.

Other ladies have written books of instruction on golf, but Miss Helme's book is not in any sense a primer. It is not, in her own words, "intended to tackle the case of any who think that an iron shot and a wooden one are the same affair played with a different club. That is a heresy too gigantic to be tackled here." She rather takes a hypothetical lady player of comparative maturity and suggests remedies both psychological and technical for the various ills from which she is likely to suffer. Nobody is better qualified for such a task, because she is not a gofer to whom the game has come too easily. She is not gifted with great power and she says, though I find it hard to take her word for it, that she used to be a bad putter. By taking thought, by practice, and by the possession of an equable and courageous temperament she has made herself into a very successful player, and that although (here I have a warm fellow feeling for her) she has, so to speak, to play golf with one hand and write about it with the other.

The technical "tips" in this book are both sound and sensible. It is likely enough that some "forlorn, forsaken sister" who has been cured of dropping her right shoulder will nightly mention Miss Helme in her prayers. But to the general reader it is the authoress's philosophy of the game that is most interesting. She has a merciless shrewdness of vision into our miserable little souls. "All things are vanity" she seems sometimes to cry with the preacher, as she pictures the thoughts that are running through the head of the player who ought to be concentrating her mind solely on the ball—"I want to show my opponent that I can get up with an iron here, though she is taking a spoon," or "I hope the onlookers realise how well I play this shot." But she is not really merciless because she only points out our weaknesses to us in order to give us excellent advice as to how to overcome them.

"The mental picture," says Miss Helme, "is becoming a recognised factor of success in golf": and she gives instructive and amusing instances of how to employ it. "Every golfer numbers among her friends somebody who has once seen her putt well and who has a high opinion of her putting. It is extraordinary how well you always putt in front of that certain friend who you know has faith in your reliability to hole nasty length putts. Unfortunately, you cannot take round your living mascot to every match, but you can, when faced with that dubious putt, think to yourself, 'So-and-So would expect me to hole this; I should hole it if she were here.' That gives you a nice, comfortable mental picture of the putt going down—and down it goes. I should not like to say how many putts this seemingly foolish tip has holed for me." I am sure that is a good "tip," and I am wondering if there is any counter-tip. I am going to scour the country to find somebody, if she can be found, who thinks that Miss Helme is not really such a very

good putter after all. Then if I have the pleasure of playing against Miss Helme, I am going to say to her on every putting green, "I do wish dear Miss So-and-So was here. She would so enjoy watching this match." I believe it might be effective, because Miss Helme says, "We all know how hard it is to play our best game against an opponent who, we fancy, despises our game," but she does not tell us exactly what sort of vision we are to conjure up against this form of self-consciousness.

She propounds another use of the mental picture in the case of iron shots. "Get some perfect iron shot that you have once played into your mind and as you play a similar shot think of it. The recollection of how good that shot felt has an amazingly inspiring effect." The two particular shots she suggests are a high iron shot over the trees and the pond at Ranelagh and "a certain cleek shot played into the wind at the thirteenth at Worplesdon," and these, we may presume, are beautiful memories of her own successive triumphs in the Ranelagh and Worplesdon foursomes of two years ago.

Miss Helme is positively Machiavellian when she advises us how to comport ourselves when we are giving an adversary a large number of strokes. "Obviously," she says, "when you are to give her so many strokes, she will have a high opinion of your infallibility, and will have mounted you on a pedestal before ever a shot is struck. Take infinite care not to topple off that pedestal before you have collected a sufficiency of holes. . . . If you should top an early drive you encourage the opponent to believe that you are after all mortal. . . . Your ordinary drive, well within yourself, will be quite good enough to impress the long handicap and set her playing the odd." Up to the green, on the other hand, we must be bold, not playing for the safer corner of it, but, bravely as lions—or lionesses—up to the pin in order to show that we fear nothing. It is all admirable advice and really applies to other matches than those in which we give strokes. Whoever our enemy is, if we can once make him believe that we do not make mistakes, we have gone a long way towards getting him beaten.

The book is illustrated by a number of photographs of distinguished lady players, not smirking at the camera but playing real shots. There are two in particular which are most impressive and instructive. One is a picture, taken from behind the player, of Miss Wethered at the top of her swing in a full drive. I have often had the pleasure of playing with and watching this greatest of lady golfers, and yet I never fully realised before how big her swing is. She gives the impression of such complete ease and smoothness that one does not notice what a big arc the club-head describes and how far the hands and the right elbow are kept away from the body. Therein clearly is something of the secret of her length. The other picture is of Mrs. Macbeth at the finish of her drive. Here is another player who does everything so easily and gracefully that one does not appreciate how vigorously she hits. Yet the photograph shows that she comes through with her whole soul and body in a quite awe-inspiring manner. She must have a perfectly true swing and a perfect gift of balance to enable her to do it. I mentioned two pictures, but I find there are three. Miss Cecil Leitch "at the end of an iron shot" is a model of dash and control in combination. These three photographs are, in themselves, the most valuable of "tips."

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGORA RABBIT FARMING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have had so many enquiries as to Angora rabbit farming that, I think, if you can spare space, the enclosed particulars will be of interest to your readers. I shall be only too pleased to give any further particulars should they be required, as I have a farm here. *Bedding*.—Angoras should be bedded on wheat straw cut into lengths of 12 ins. Sawdust must be put into each corner of the hut. If straw is bedded thickly, hutches need only be cleaned out once or twice a week. *Hutches* should not be less than 2 ft. by 2 ft. by 3 ft., and should have open rin. wire fronted door. Breeding hutches should be twice this length with one door of wood. A plentiful supply of hay should be provided to the doe for nesting purposes. *Feeding for Adults*.—Morning: Plenty of clover hay in wire racks hung outside wire door; green food cut up small; water always. Afternoon: Green food. Evening: Handful of oats, green food, clover hay. *For Breeding Does and Babies*.—Same as above, with addition of bread and milk night and morning. Also No. 2 Four Marks Food Mash mixed with hot water to dry crumbly mash (Four Marks Food Company, Four Marks, Hants, which also supplies excellent feeding troughs from 10d. each). Angoras for wool production should be brushed and combed daily, or every other day, with pneumatic wire brush. All combings should be saved. As soon as the rabbit's coat shows signs of becoming matted, shear it with sharp scissors. Does before mating should be sheared. The Derwent Mills, Matlock, will buy any amount of wool, 40s. per lb. for best, 30s. for wool not quite free from matts. Books on rabbit breeding: "Fur Producing Rabbits" (Watmough's, Idle, Bradford, 2s.); "Rabbits and All About Them" (Watmough's, 4s.); *Fur and Feather* (Watmough's, 2d. weekly); "Rabbits for Fur and Flesh," by C. J. Davies (COUNTRY LIFE Office, 6s.); "Rabbit-Keeping," by C. J. Davies (COUNTRY LIFE Office, 6d.).—RACHEL T. BYNG.

NORFOLK TURNIPS IN 1686.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A research into family history has, as a by-product, unearthed an interesting record of the early use of turnips as a field crop, as appears in an Exchequer Action, dated April 26th, 1686. The Rector of Saxlingham-Nethergate, some eight miles south of Norwich, sued divers persons for the recovery of tithe on the turnip crops grown in the parish. He argued that, as tithe had been paid hitherto on the crop of hay, it should also be payable on the turnips. One of his witnesses, William Gurney, yeoman, aged seventy nine, "remembered not of any turnips sown in the said town until about 20 years past and that it was very rare until now of late turnips were sown there. The defendants with divers other inhabitants by sowing turnips in the ground of the said parish have prevented and hindered the sowing of winter corn on the same ground, whereby the plaintiff has lost the tithe of a crop of winter corn, but after the taking off of the crop of turnips the owners of the said land do in the same year sow a crop of barley, the tithe whereof in this deponent's judgement is as good for the minister as a crop of winter corn. The course of ploughing and sowing of the lands is altered by the sowing of turnips there but in this deponent's judgement the same is not to the prejudice of the plaintiff." Put in the box by the defendants, the same witness deposed that "He has known that turnips have been usually and frequently sown in the said parish for about twenty years and the several persons that sowed the same have quietly pulled, taken and fed up the same with their cattle and no tithes were at any time demanded or paid for the same to any of the former ministers or rectors before the plaintiff came to be rector there. . . . After the taking up of the turnip crop, a crop of barley was sown in the same year, which crop of barley was much better by the sowing the said turnips, and a crop of barley so sown in the deponent's judgement was better to the minister than a crop of winter corn would have been." Another deponent was Thomas Gurney, yeoman, aged fifty-three, who stated that "there is a great scarcity and want of mowing ground in the said parish and same is not sufficient for hay for the sustenance of the cattle and the inhabitants have often and especially in dry summers been forced to buy great quantities of hay for the wintering of their said cattle and others have

been forced to sell their cattle in the winter time at low prices for want of store and turnips have been sown for the maintenance of the said cattle in the winter season to keep them from starving. He has known extraordinary prices to be given for hay by the said inhabitants for their cattle." He added that "it is known and approved by all husbandmen accustomed to sow turnips that a crop of turnips enriches the land and makes it the more kind for two or three crops of corn to be sown next afterwards."—E. G.

[Sir John Russell writes: "These notes are really extraordinarily important in view of the fact that most people suppose turnips to have been introduced by Townshend in the middle of the eighteenth century.—ED.]

STACK FIRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The summer is drawing to an end and with it the season of the dreaded stack fires. The farmer is in a dilemma. An iron bar thrust into the hay will come out so hot that it is certain if the stack is "cut" (e.g., divided into smaller ricks to let out the heat), the friction of the knife will cause it to ignite, unless there is water sufficiently near to allow a hose to be played upon it during the operation. On the other hand, if it is left, it may, after weeks of watching, suddenly burst forth into flame. Then will the fire engine be sent for. A distant rumble is heard and in an incredibly short time the engine has set to work to check the roaring, hungry flames, which have already leapt greedily on to a last year's stack, where they hiss angrily as the hose is seen lashing sky-high fragments of flaming straw, followed by myriads of golden sparks. Suddenly the roar of the engine stops. The water has given out. There follows a wild stampede down to the river. It is a fine sight to watch the great shining engine, gleaming red, as with infinite pains her six tons are piloted across the rickety little bridge down to the river. Over the meadow she goes, the spectators in hot pursuit, the fire-bell clanging ominously as the ruts in the field are crossed. Presently, the 320 ft. of hose are all linked up and, with the roar of a tank, she once more begins drawing up the water. This, on its long journey back, finds exit by some of the joints, which are not yet sufficiently tightened, where it bursts forth in silvery splendour. Until two o'clock the engine remains hurling defiance at the stack. The fireman standing on the very summit—a most imposing figure—who probably thinks no more of it than you or I do in driving our Ford. Finally, the sullen, blackened mass is left. Yet the miracle is that out of a twenty-ton rick, after all the vicissitudes it had undergone, by careful treatment, nearly half may still be saved. This helps greatly to take the sting out of the affair for the unfortunate farmer, who is very philosophical about it, and hopes for "Better luck next year!"—"AGRICOLA."

SANCTUARIES FOR WILD BIRDS AND BEASTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Ever since I was a small boy at school I have planned and hoped for a sanctuary for wild birds and beasts in this country, a place especially where our original indigenous fauna might be reintroduced. What a splendid list they would make! Deer and wild boar, of course, and if only the sanctuary could be large enough we might again be able to see bear and wolves in their native haunts and not behind iron bars! How stately the great bustard and crane and stork! Whoopers and grey-lag would, from a few pinioned pairs, soon increase; so also would the rarer ducks. Raptorial birds, such as the peregrine, would increase and do no harm, for in countries such as the Balkan States, where the balance of nature is undisturbed by gamekeepers, I have seen and shot large numbers of game birds such as partridges, pheasants and quail in a perfectly wild state where hawks, kites and eagles of all species abounded. Such a sanctuary on a very small scale in the form of Duddingston Loch has been presented to the City of Edinburgh; but, though a much appreciated gift, it is, of course, too small for any real use. England has, too, better opportunities for establishing a sanctuary, the climate being more suitable and more within reach of the majority. For example, in the vicinity of Ascot and Sunningdale there are large tracts of waste ground most suitable for such a project.

Stock once established and capable game wardens in charge, it should not only be a blessing to thousands but also should be a most paying concern. A hotel centrally situated could cater for boarding visitors and occasional meals; a small entrance fee to the sanctuary itself would also be charged, and a charge made for permission to photograph. The site once acquired and bounds properly fenced, there should be little or no expense in the general upkeep. I hope this letter, if you consider publishing it, may be read by some interested in the welfare of our birds and animals.—J. C. LAIDLAY.

"SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having seen the letter under the above heading in your issue for September 8th, I write to say that an oil painting called "Saving the Guns at Maiwand" belonged to my father (Mr. William Penn) and hung for many years at Taverham Hall, near Norwich. The place was sold and the picture (Lot 898) with it, on January 22nd, 1920. I have no idea who bought it, but it is possible that the information might be obtained from the auctioneers, Messrs. J. D. Wood of 6, Mount Street, W. The picture was, I should say, of about the size mentioned, but the painter was not R. Caton Woodville, but Stanley L. Wood, who painted pictures of a similar style. It was dated 1892 and represented gunners galloping across the picture from right to left. I hope this may be of some assistance to your correspondent.—A. H. PENN.

A LUNAR RAINBOW AT THE BATTLE OF CORONEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of September 8th there is an account of a lunar rainbow. It may be of interest to some to hear that one was seen by us the evening of the battle of Coronel. I was then chaplain of H.M.S. Canopus, and as we steamed towards the Good Hope after receiving her last signal we saw a very perfect lunar rainbow. It was damp weather and a big sea was running, but the position of the moon I forget; as we steamed north the rainbow was on our port quarter.—J. DENIS DE VITRE.

A BLUE SHARK AT BRIDLINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An immature example of the blue shark was captured recently by fishermen at Bridlington, and was brought to a town in the Midlands by a party of trippers, who, naturally, regarded the fish as a curiosity, but were somewhat doubtful as to its identity. It was examined by a reliable witness, and then its remains were interred in the garden at the back of a public-house. This specimen had a total length of between four and five feet. According to the Bridlington fishermen, an example of the blue shark has not been seen in that locality for many years. The blue shark is not an uncommon visitor to British waters, especially on the southern and western shores of Ireland. Specimens are recorded measuring so much as twenty-five feet, though the average length is from twelve to fifteen feet. One observer remarks that in places like Aden, where blue and other sharks abound, the natives will swim and dive quite fearlessly in the open sea, where a European would be almost immediately attacked by these monsters.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORREX.

GOLF COURTESY.

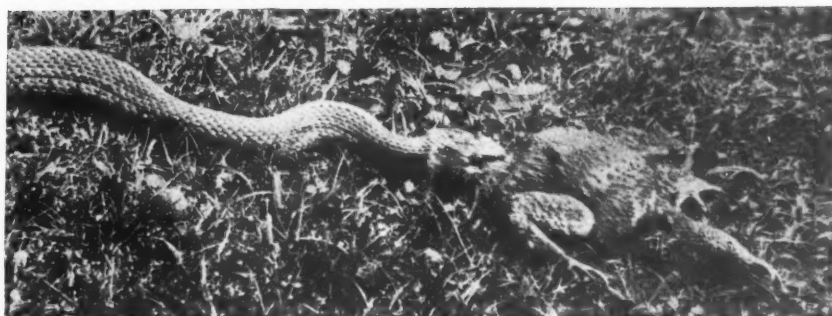
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me, through the medium of your columns, to record my appreciation of an unexpected act of courtesy. I recently received from two members of a golf club in the Midlands. I arrived on the course, a complete stranger, and sent a caddy to the professional, who was on one of the greens, to ask him to give me a game. He replied he was unable to do so, whereupon two players who had overheard the caddy's question immediately told him to tell me that I was welcome to join them at the fifth tee. I am sure I am right in stating that we all three much enjoyed the interesting game that ensued. My regret is that, as the result of considerable experience of other golf clubs, especially in the South of England, I find myself so surprised at the spontaneous friendliness displayed by these two members of a Northern club.—G. SEYMOUR FORT.

SNAKE AND TOAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have a photograph of a snake attempting to eat a toad. It was taken in Gower. My two boys, my wife and myself were walking on a pathway under the main cliff of a headland when the younger boy said, "Look! there's a snake." We all stood for a moment and watched the struggling of the toad to drag its hind leg from out of the snake's mouth. Then, realising that I had my camera with me, I quickly set it to work, advanced to that distance and snapped the picture. The click of the shutter made our presence known to the snake, which immediately disgorged the toad's leg and glided off into the undergrowth. The snake's head is slightly blurred in the picture because it was continually jerking it backwards and forwards to get a better grip of the toad's leg. It may be noticed that the fore feet of the toad are spread in an attempt to secure a firm hold in the grass to haul itself clear. It would be interesting to know whether the snake could have swallowed the whole toad in time, as it certainly did seem impossible for the snake's mouth to get round the body of the toad without a hand or two to help.—G. V. GORDON.



A TOAD'S TRAGEDY.

AN ELEPHANT'S NUPTIAL GARMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot may, perhaps, be of some interest to your readers. The elephant, just returned from a native wedding, is painted in brilliant colours up his trunk,



AFTER THE WEDDING.

around his eyes and on his forehead. The result is grotesque rather than beautiful.—G. I. R.

INSECTS IN PANELLED ROOMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be very grateful if any of your readers can advise me. This is an old Queen Anne house and the rooms are all panelled and painted white. Every autumn about September the ceilings in some of the bedrooms become covered with minute flies. They come in thousands, making the ceiling almost black in parts. Last year they were worse than ever, although we had tried every disinfectant we knew of. My daughter had diphtheria in one of the rooms in December, and the man who came to disinfect assured me that nothing could possibly live after his ministrations. The flies died in great numbers, but about thirty-six hours later some began to move, and in a few days they were as bad as before. The plague lasts from about the end of September to January, and I have been unable to use one of the rooms in consequence of it. I thought, perhaps, if some steps were taken now it might possibly prevent the breeding of these visitors. The house lies about 100 ft. above sea-level. I do not know exact height of the house. It consists of half basement, ground floor, first floor and attics. Date 1650-80. The house faces west, the rooms attacked also face west. There are one sitting-room and two bedrooms. The bedrooms are worse than the sitting-room. The windows are sash and cannot be made to open at the top. I have lately put in ventilators. There is a great deal of grassland round the house.—LAVINIA M. CARVER.

[In response to our request our correspondent sent specimens of the flies, also of another kind of fly found in the curtains. These we forwarded to Mr. C. B. R. King,

who kindly sent us the following report: "Regarding the insects received from Mrs. Carver, they are of two distinct orders. One is a fly, *Chloropisca circumdata*. It breeds in the grasses of meadowlands, and usually makes its appearance in houses about August and disappears the following month. The small black insect, *Pteromalus deplanatus*, belongs to the Hymenoptera. It is a parasite of *Tortrix viridana*, the green oak caterpillar which defoliates many of our oaks in the spring. The remedy is a difficult matter. If sheep could be kept on the land round the house so as to keep the grass short, it would probably settle the matter in the case of *Chloropisca*. As regards the other, I do not see what could be done. To keep it down one must keep the oak tortrix down, which could be done by spraying. To clear up flies in the house I have found the vacuum cleaner by far the most effective weapon. Spraying in the house would, of course, kill them, but nothing that I know will keep them out. I am afraid it would take about two or three years to study the question thoroughly, and so far this has not been attempted. So far as my observations go, enough sheep to keep the grass close for a radius of about half a mile would almost certainly stop the fly. Failing that, cultivation would be absolutely specific. Another thing I have in mind is to fit all windows with mosquito frames on the outside. They would have to be fitted perfectly, or so puttied round that no insects could enter. This would require special care, as the insects have an astonishing way of creeping through almost microscopic cracks. If any measures taken have any success in the future, I should be very glad to hear about it for the sake of record."—ED.]

DYING SEA-BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE taking so much interest in birds, I am writing to know if anything can be done to stop or diminish the destruction by oil of diving sea birds. On Birkdale shore are, at times, dozens of dying scoters and guillemots, both common and black; they leave the sea to die. Even when the shore is crowded, at holiday times, they waddle among

the people, and are about two or three days dying—a ghastly sight. I suppose this goes on all round our coasts.—M. E. K.

A FEAT OF WATERMANSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The other day, at a certain northern regatta (which with some presumption calls itself the Henley of the North, which it most certainly is not), I witnessed a fine feat of watermanship, which also made the two local rowing clubs look exceedingly small. The hero was the son of a local boat proprietor. In the final for the Maiden Fours between the two local rowing clubs this youth, seated in a somewhat antiquated "open" boat, started in their rear. Not only did he row up to these two fours with the greatest of ease, but kept stopping and turning round to cheer his choice on, and then rowing up to them again. Had he cared to do so he could have beaten these two fours by lengths. With becoming modesty he stopped his delightful exhibition before reaching the enclosure. The two local crews were all out, being great rivals, yet notwithstanding this and the ridiculous shortness of the course, four of the eight oarsmen fell flat in the boats after passing the post! Incidentally, it may be mentioned that a boy of sixteen won the Maiden Sculls, rowing every heat.—H. W. ROBINSON.

A SAINT'S WELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—St. Helen's Well, near Thorparch and Walton (West Riding), on the old Roman road, now a lane, is one of the saints' wells with a supposed healing power. The "Jaw" is this: Before sunrise, face the well, detach from your person a "memaw" (Yorkshire term for a trifling thing)—bit of lace, ribbon, etc.—dip it in the water and, while tying it on a twig of the tree, breathe a wish, only loud enough to hear yourself, and it comes true! These are the conditions handed down to the present, and the facts are that last week, when I took this photograph, there were three or four pieces of material which certainly had not been tied on more than two or three days, others were in the last stages of rot, and the total that could be seen would be close on two hundred.—H. C. BUCKLE.



OFFERINGS AT THE WISHING WELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGORA RABBIT FARMING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have had so many enquiries as to Angora rabbit farming that, I think, if you can spare space, the enclosed particulars will be of interest to your readers. I shall be only too pleased to give any further particulars should they be required, as I have a farm here. *Bedding*.—Angoras should be bedded on wheat straw cut into lengths of 12 ins. Sawdust must be put into each corner of the hut. If straw is bedded thickly, hutches need only be cleaned out once or twice a week. *Hutches* should not be less than 2 ft. by 2 ft. by 3 ft., and should have open iron wire fronted door. Breeding hutches should be twice this length with one door of wood. A plentiful supply of hay should be provided to the doe for nesting purposes. *Feeding for Adults*.—Morning: Plenty of clover hay in wire racks hung outside wire door; green food cut up small; water always. Afternoon: Green food. Evening: Handful of oats, green food, clover hay. *For Breeding Does and Babies*.—Same as above, with addition of bread and milk night and morning. Also No. 2 Four Marks Food Mash mixed with hot water to dry crumbly mash (Four Marks Food Company, Four Marks, Hants, which also supplies excellent feeding troughs from 10d. each). Angoras for wool production should be brushed and combed daily, or every other day, with pneumatic wire brush. All combings should be saved. As soon as the rabbit's coat shows signs of becoming matted, shear it with sharp scissors. Does before mating should be sheared. The Derwent Mills, Matlock, will buy any amount of wool, 40s. per lb. for best, 30s. for wool not quite free from matts. Books on rabbit breeding: "Fur Producing Rabbits" (Watmough's, Idle, Bradford, 2s.); "Rabbits and All About Them" (Watmough's, 4s.); *Fur and Feather* (Watmough's, 2d. weekly); "Rabbits for Fur and Flesh," by C. J. Davies (COUNTRY LIFE Office, 6s.); "Rabbit-Keeping," by C. J. Davies (COUNTRY LIFE Office, 9d.).—RACHEL T. BYNG.

NORFOLK TURNIPS IN 1686.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A research into family history has, as a by-product, unearthed an interesting record of the early use of turnips as a field crop, as appears in an Exchequer Action, dated April 26th, 1686. The Rector of Saxlingham-Nethergate, some eight miles south of Norwich, sued divers persons for the recovery of tithes on the turnip crops grown in the parish. He argued that, as tithes had been paid hitherto on the crop of hay, it should also be payable on the turnips. One of his witnesses, William Gurney, yeoman, aged seventy nine, "remembered not of any turnips sown in the said town until about 20 years past and that it was very rare until now of late turnips were sown there. The defendants with divers other inhabitants by sowing turnips in the ground of the said parish have prevented and hindered the sowing of winter corn on the same ground, whereby the plaintiff has lost the tithe of a crop of winter corn, but after the taking off of the crop of turnips the owners of the said land do in the same year sow a crop of barley, the tithe whereof in this deponent's judgement is as good for the minister as a crop of winter corn. The course of ploughing and sowing of the lands is altered by the sowing of turnips there but in this deponent's judgement the same is not to the prejudice of the plaintiff." Put in the box by the defendants, the same witness deposed that "He has known that turnips have been usually and frequently sown in the said parish for about twenty years and the several persons that sowed the same have quietly pulled, taken and fed up the same with their cattle and no tithes were at any time demanded or paid for the same to any of the former ministers or rectors before the plaintiff came to be rector there. . . . After the taking up of the turnip crop, a crop of barley was sown in the same year, which crop of barley was much better by the sowing the said turnips, and a crop of barley so sown in the deponent's judgement was better to the minister than a crop of winter corn would have been." Another deponent was Thomas Gurney, yeoman, aged fifty-three, who stated that "there is a great scarcity and want of mowing ground in the said parish and same is not sufficient for hay for the sustenance of the cattle and the inhabitants have often and especially in dry summers been forced to buy great quantities of hay for the wintering of their said cattle and others have

been forced to sell their cattle in the winter time at low prices for want of store and turnips have been sown for the maintenance of the said cattle in the winter season to keep them from starving. He has known extraordinary prices to be given for hay by the said inhabitants for their cattle." He added that "it is known and approved by all husbandmen accustomed to sow turnips that a crop of turnips enriches the land and makes it the more kind for two or three crops of corn to be sown next afterwards."—E. G.

[Sir John Russell writes: "These notes are really extraordinarily important in view of the fact that most people suppose turnips to have been introduced by Townshend in the middle of the eighteenth century.—ED.]

STACK FIRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The summer is drawing to an end and with it the season of the dreaded stack fires. The farmer is in a dilemma. An iron bar thrust into the hay will come out so hot that it is certain if the stack is "cut" (e.g., divided into smaller ricks to let out the heat), the friction of the knife will cause it to ignite, unless there is water sufficiently near to allow a hose to be played upon it during the operation. On the other hand, if it is left, it may, after weeks of watching, suddenly burst forth into flame. Then will the fire engine be sent for. A distant rumble is heard and in an incredibly short time the engine has set to work to check the roaring, hungry flames, which have already leapt greedily on to a last year's stack, where they hiss angrily as the hose is seen lashing sky-high fragments of flaming straw, followed by myriads of golden sparks. Suddenly the roar of the engine stops. The water has given out. There follows a wild stampede down to the river. It is a fine sight to watch the great shining engine, gleaming red, as with infinite pains her six tons are piloted across the rickety little bridge down to the river. Over the meadow she goes, the spectators in hot pursuit, the fire-bell clanging ominously as the ruts in the field are crossed. Presently, the 320 ft. of hose are all linked up and, with the roar of a tank, she once more begins drawing up the water. This, on its long journey back, finds exit by some of the joints, which are not yet sufficiently tightened, where it bursts forth in silvery splendour. Until two o'clock the engine remains hurling defiance at the stack. The fireman standing on the very summit—a most imposing figure—who probably thinks no more of it than you or I do in driving our Ford. Finally, the sullen, blackened mass is left. Yet the miracle is that out of a twenty-ton rick, after all the vicissitudes it had undergone, by careful treatment, nearly half may still be saved. This helps greatly to take the sting out of the affair for the unfortunate farmer, who is very philosophical about it, and hopes for "Better luck next year!"—"AGRICOLA."

SANCTUARIES FOR WILD BIRDS AND BEASTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Ever since I was a small boy at school I have planned and hoped for a sanctuary for wild birds and beasts in this country, a place especially where our original indigenous fauna might be reintroduced. What a splendid list they would make! Deer and wild boar, of course, and if only the sanctuary could be large enough we might again be able to see bear and wolves in their native haunts and not behind iron bars! How stately the great bustard and crane and stork! Whoopers and grey-lag would, from a few pinioned pairs, soon increase; so also would the rarer ducks. Raptorial birds, such as the peregrine, would increase and do no harm, for in countries such as the Balkan States, where the balance of nature is undisturbed by gamekeepers, I have seen and shot large numbers of game birds such as partridges, pheasants and quail in a perfectly wild state where hawks, kites and eagles of all species abounded. Such a sanctuary on a very small scale in the form of Duddington Loch has been presented to the City of Edinburgh; but, though a much appreciated gift, it is, of course, too small for any real use. England has, too, better opportunities for establishing a sanctuary, the climate being more suitable and more within reach of the majority. For example, in the vicinity of Ascot and Sunningdale there are large tracts of waste ground most suitable for such a project.

Stock once established and capable game wardens in charge, it should not only be a blessing to thousands but also should be a most paying concern. A hotel centrally situated could cater for boarding visitors and occasional meals; a small entrance fee to the sanctuary itself would also be charged, and a charge made for permission to photograph. The site once acquired and bounds properly fenced, there should be little or no expense in the general upkeep. I hope this letter, if you consider publishing it, may be read by some interested in the welfare of our birds and animals.—J. C. LAIDLAY.

"SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having seen the letter under the above heading in your issue for September 8th, I write to say that an oil painting called "Saving the Guns at Maiwand" belonged to my father (Mr. William Penn) and hung for many years at Taverham Hall, near Norwich. The place was sold and the picture (Lot 898) with it, on January 22nd, 1920. I have no idea who bought it, but it is possible that the information might be obtained from the auctioneers, Messrs. J. D. Wood of 6, Mount Street, W. The picture was, I should say, of about the size mentioned, but the painter was not R. Caton Woodville, but Stanley L. Wood, who painted pictures of a similar style. It was dated 1892 and represented gunners galloping across the picture from right to left. I hope this may be of some assistance to your correspondent.—A. H. PENN.

A LUNAR RAINBOW AT THE BATTLE OF CORONEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of September 8th there is an account of a lunar rainbow. It may be of interest to some to hear that one was seen by us the evening of the battle of Coronel. I was then chaplain of H.M.S. Canopus, and as we steamed towards the Good Hope after receiving her last signal we saw a very perfect lunar rainbow. It was damp weather and a big sea was running, but the position of the moon I forget; as we steamed north the rainbow was on our port quarter.—J. DENIS DE VITRE.

A BLUE SHARK AT BRIDLINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An immature example of the blue shark was captured recently by fishermen at Bridlington, and was brought to a town in the Midlands by a party of trippers, who, naturally, regarded the fish as a curiosity, but were somewhat doubtful as to its identity. It was examined by a reliable witness, and then its remains were interred in the garden at the back of a public-house. This specimen had a total length of between four and five feet. According to the Bridlington fishermen, an example of the blue shark has not been seen in that locality for many years. The blue shark is not an uncommon visitor to British waters, especially on the southern and western shores of Ireland. Specimens are recorded measuring so much as twenty-five feet, though the average length is from twelve to fifteen feet. One observer remarks that in places like Adea, where blue and other sharks abound, the natives will swim and dive quite fearlessly in the open sea, where a European would be almost immediately attacked by these monsters.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORIX.

GOLF COURTESY.

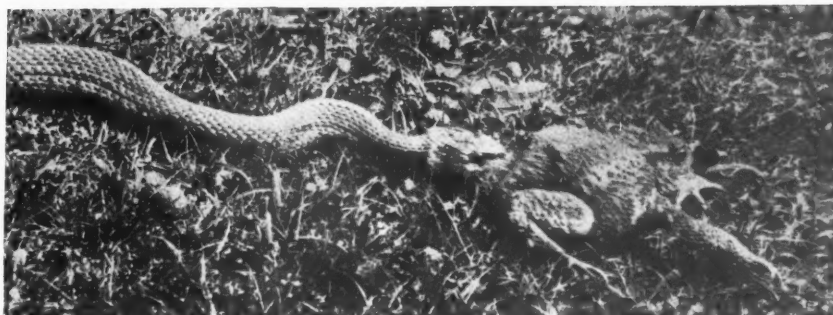
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me, through the medium of your columns, to record my appreciation of an unexpected act of courtesy. I recently received from two members of a golf club in the Midlands. I arrived on the course, a complete stranger, and sent a caddy to the professional, who was on one of the greens, to ask him to give me a game. He replied he was unable to do so, whereupon two players who had overheard the caddy's question immediately told him to tell me that I was welcome to join them at the fifth tee. I am sure I am right in stating that we all three much enjoyed the interesting game that ensued. My regret is that, as the result of considerable experience of other golf clubs, especially in the South of England, I find myself so surprised at the spontaneous friendliness displayed by these two members of a Northern club.—G. SEYMOUR FORT.

Snake and Toad.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The photograph of a snake attempting to eat a toad was taken in Gower. My two boys, my wife and myself were walking on a pathway under the main cliff of a headland when the younger boy said, "Look! there's a snake." We all stood for a moment and watched the struggling of the toad to drag its hind leg from out of the snake's mouth. Then, realising that I had my camera with me, I quickly set it to go, advanced to that distance and snapped the picture. The click of the shutter made our presence known to the snake, which immediately disgorged the toad's leg and glided off into the undergrowth. The snake's head is slightly blurred in the picture because it was continually jerking it backwards and forwards to get a better grip of the toad's leg. It may be noticed that the fore feet of the toad are spread in an attempt to secure a firm hold in the grass to haul itself clear. It would be interesting to know whether the snake could have swallowed the whole toad in time, as it certainly did seem impossible for the snake's mouth to get round the body of the toad without a hand or two to help.—G. V. GORDON.



A TOAD'S TRAGEDY.

An Elephant's Nuptial Garment.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot may, perhaps, be of some interest to your readers. The elephant, just returned from a native wedding, is painted in brilliant colours up his trunk,



AFTER THE WEDDING.

around his eyes and on his forehead. The result is grotesque rather than beautiful.—G. I. R.

Insects in Panelled Rooms.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I shall be very grateful if any of your readers can advise me. This is an old Queen Anne house and the rooms are all panelled and painted white. Every autumn about September the ceilings in some of the bedrooms become covered with minute flies. They come in thousands, making the ceiling almost black in parts. Last year they were worse than ever, although we had tried every disinfectant we knew of. My daughter had diphtheria in one of the rooms in December, and the man who came to disinfect assured me that nothing could possibly live after his ministrations. The flies died in great numbers, but about thirty-six hours later some began to move, and in a few days they were as bad as before. The plague lasts from about the end of September to January, and I have been unable to use one of the rooms in consequence of it. I thought, perhaps, if some steps were taken now it might possibly prevent the breeding of these visitors. The house lies about 150ft. above sea-level. I do not know exact height of the house. It consists of half basement, ground floor, first floor and attics. Date 1650-80. The house faces west, the rooms attacked also face west. There are one sitting-room and two bedrooms. The bedrooms are worse than the sitting-room. The windows are sash and cannot be made to open at the top. I have lately put in ventilators. There is a great deal of grassland round the house.—LAVINIA M. CARVER.

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OFFERINGS AT THE WISHING WELL.

THE ESTATE MARKET INCREASING ACTIVITY

THE steady flow of sales announced week by week in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE hardly suffered any abatement during the recent vacation period, and one of the features has been an improved demand for farms. The enquiry for building land has also been satisfactory and extensive landed properties have changed hands.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley inform us that their sales recently concluded amount to £1,866,406, for 49,384 acres of English land, and 75,618 acres in Scotland, or, altogether, 125,002 acres. They add that there is a good demand and quite good prices. The various properties making up this huge total have been mentioned from week to week and among them are: Oakley Park estate, Suffolk, 2,000 acres; Amport St. Mary's, Andover, 1,600 acres; Wentworth, Virginia Water, 1,700 acres; Hampton Court, over 5,500 acres, between Hereford and Leominster; Woodlands, Uxbridge, 218 acres, for Lord Howe; Sudbourne Hall, Suffolk, 530 acres; Lord Boston's Hedsor estate, Bourne End; Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire, 2,900 acres; Awbridge Danes, Romsey, 500 acres; Nork Park and Great Burgh estate, 1,300 acres, near Epsom (in conjunction with Messrs. Curtis and Henson and Messrs. Osborn and Mercer); Captain Ramsay's Kildalton shootings, one of the best woodcock and wildfowl shoots in Scotland; Wharton, Hilton and Murton estates, 11,000 acres, in Westmorland; Quinish, 3,250 acres, in the Isle of Mull; the remaining 1,000 acres of Wyresdale Park, Lancashire; Dunmaglass, Inverness-shire, 13,855 acres; about 1,000 acres of Weston Favell House estate, Northamptonshire; Killiechonan, Isle of Mull, 9,000 acres; and farms on Penninghame estate, Wigtownshire, 6,500 acres.

Fetcham Park, Leatherhead, 726 acres, has been purchased by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of a client, through Messrs. Lofts and Warner. The property includes the park, part of the village and Fetcham Downs.

The late Sir John Duthie's Aberdeen shire sporting property, Cairnbulg, 911 acres, comes under the hammer at Aberdeen next week. The older part of the castle dates from the thirteenth century, and it was reconstructed and modernised about twenty-five years ago. Originally a Comyn keep, it is a rather uncommon example of old Scottish architecture. The illustrated particulars give two or three fine views of the exterior, and also show the thriving farms which make Cairnbulg an attractive proposition in another respect.

STOWELL PARK SOLD.

THE Hon. Samuel Vestey, of Arden House, Dulwich, has bought the mansion of Stowell Park and the principal parts of the estate for his own occupation. It will be remembered that in July last Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. offered Stowell for sale by auction at Cirencester and sold the estate in its entirety at £63,000. Subsequently, by arrangement with the purchaser, the contract was cancelled and Lord Eldon gave instructions for a second sale by auction of the estate, the date fixed being last Monday, the 17th instant. The parts of the estate now sold, by private contract, include Stowell Park itself with about 990 acres, Yanworth Farm of about 806 acres, part of the great Woods at Chedworth about 424 acres, Yanworth Mill and Raybrook Farm, the whole having an area of about 2,379 acres. The rest of the estate, with a total area of nearly 4,000 acres, was offered for sale by auction in lots, as arranged, at Cirencester, on Monday last. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, of London, acted for the purchaser.

The Stowell estate is one of the finest sporting estates in the West, possessing game coverts which afford exceptional shooting, and a long stretch of the noted trout stream, the Coln. Stowell Park itself stands about 600ft. above sea level, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Coln and the great Woods of Chedworth. Originally built probably late in the reign of Elizabeth or early in that of James I, the centre portion is a beautiful specimen of that period of architecture.

FARMERS AGAIN BUYING.

VISCOUNT PORTMAN'S sale of a portion of the Portman settled estates in the northern division of Dorsetshire, held at

Sturminster last Monday, by Messrs. Powell and Co., was considerably shortened by private sales in advance to the tenants. Among the sales were those of Lamb House Farm, Shillingstone, on the main road from Blandford to Sturminster Newton, 130 acres (timber valuation, £500); East Farm, 323 acres, between Hammoon and Manston (timber valuation, £1,200); Applins, or Lower Manston Farm, 130 acres on the north bank of the Stour, with a picturesque farmhouse; Higher Manston, about a mile from Sturminster Newton, and just north-west of the previous lot (timber valuation, £200); Manor Farm, 119 acres (timber valuation, £110); and small properties in Hammoon, Todder and elsewhere. Hunting is to be had four days weekly here, with the Portman Hounds, and neighbouring packs are the Blackmore Vale, South and West Wilts., and South Dorset. The total area on offer exceeded 2,758 acres, all noted for its grazing qualities, lying as it does in the fertile valley of the Stour.

Iver Lodge, at the north end of the village of Iver, overlooking Delaford Park, was for many years the residence of Miss Louisa Rhodes, the only sister of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. She left the property to one of her brothers, who, not requiring it as a residence, decided to sell it. It was offered by auction in July by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who have just sold it. The estate comprises over 38 acres. Messrs. Hampton and Sons acted on behalf of the purchaser. Messrs. Collins and Collins have sold since auction, on behalf of Lord Knaresborough, a freehold garage in South Kensington.

Messrs. Chancellors report recent Richmond sales, amounting to over £51,000, prominent among which are Cardigan House estate, and a block of freehold business premises in the centre of Richmond.

750 PEOPLE AT AN AUCTION.

THE late Mr. Frank Bibby's estate of Preston Gubbalds, offered at Shrewsbury, by Messrs. Alfred Mansell and Co., attracted a company variously estimated at from 700 to 1,000 people. Probably the estimate of 750 is nearest the mark and, as an audience at an auction, it has not often been exceeded. The sale was by order of Captain Frank Brian Bibby, and the total realisation of over £50,000 does not represent the full value of the estate as certain lots did not reach the reserves. Lots sold were Merrington Hall Farm, 182 acres, to the tenant, for £7,000; New Farm, Bomere Heath, 47 acres, for £3,200; Grange Farm, 262 acres, for £8,750; and Church Farm, 206 acres, for £8,700, both to General A. H. O. Lloyd; and Lea Hall Farm, an Elizabethan house and 458 acres, for £17,250, to Mr. J. Lees Mayall, Buxton. Merrington Lane Farm, 297 acres, was withdrawn at £10,000.

Swalcliffe Lea estate, near Banbury, has been sold, the second time within a few months, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. The Lea is a stone residence, with mullioned windows, and the property extends to 250 acres.

HASLEMERE MANOR HOUSE SOLD.

YET another of the many sales before auction, which are so good an index of the state of the market, has to be recorded, for the Manor House, Haslemere, which was to have been submitted at an "upset" price of £8,000 this month, has been disposed of by Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co. They have also found purchasers for Lots 5 and 11, and the three are accordingly to be omitted from the particulars remaining to be dealt with by the firm at the forthcoming auction at Haslemere next Monday (September 24th). The Manor House is of red brick, and an inscription on the wall bears the date 1531.

Sir T. T. Leyland Scarisbrick, Bt., next Wednesday (September 26th), at Southport, is selling Greaves Hall and 104 acres. The mansion was erected twenty years ago in the black and white style. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons are the agents, jointly with Messrs. Hatch, Sons and Fielding.

The former firm, in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, will offer Overstrand Hall, Cromer, in London on October 10th, on behalf of Lord Hillingdon. The house, high on the cliffs east of Cromer, was built twenty-three years ago in the Dutch style, from designs by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.,

and the area of the estate is 27 acres. Overstrand Hall adjoins the Royal Cromer golf links, and has a private way thereto.

Prior's Court, Newbury, came under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. A. W. Neale and Sons, at Newbury last Thursday. The Mount Street firm has, for private treaty, Taxal Lodge, on the borders of Cheshire and Derbyshire, and another good residence conveniently situated for Manchester.

IMPENDING AUCTIONS.

NEXT Tuesday, September 25th, at St. James's Square, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will sell Parkham, near Bracknell, and other residential property, including Sildon House, East Grinstead, and, in conjunction with Messrs. Jenner and Dell, the fine freehold at Hove known as Wick Hall, having grounds of almost 3 acres, within a mile of the Central Station at Brighton.

To-day (Saturday), at Colchester, Messrs. Giddy and Giddy will submit Colne Park, Earls Colne, 550 acres; and, for executors, on October 4th, in London, The Oaks, Ditton Hill, Surbiton.

Next Tuesday (September 25th), at Chepstow, the mansion and 240 acres of the park and woodlands at Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire, are to be offered, first as a whole at a moderate reserve, then the house and grounds, and failing business in that way, then in eleven lots, without reserve. The buyer of the mansion will have the option to take the furniture at a price to be named at the auction, or by valuation, subject to such option being exercised on the day of sale. If the property comes up in lots, the first will consist of the mansion and 12 acres, on the north bank of the Severn at Tidenham, two miles from Chepstow. The park affords a grand prospect of the Severn and Wye and the Gloucestershire hills. The agents are Messrs. Castiglione, Erskine and Co., Limited.

Glenwood, Virginia Water, which cost the owner well over £10,000, is now for sale for less than half that sum, through Messrs. Harrods, Limited. It is a fine modern house in delightful gardens, and there are 13 acres of land, a mile from the railway station at Egham.

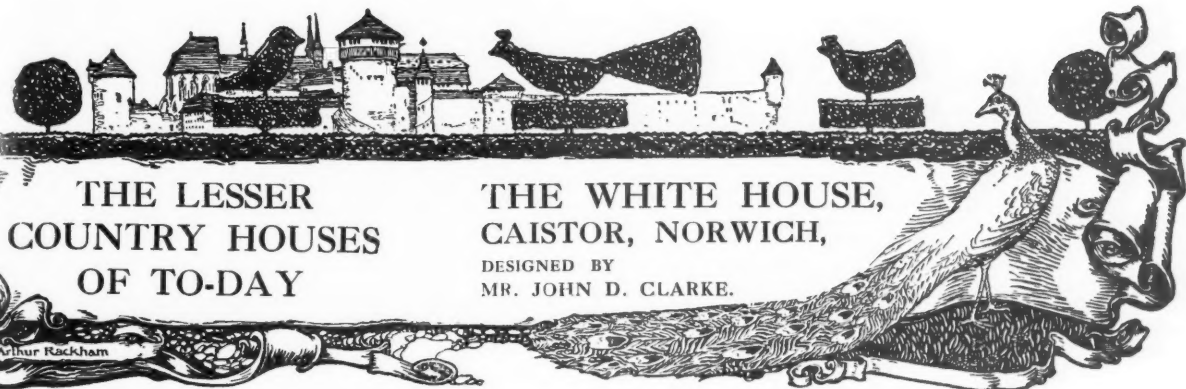
Rowlands Court, Lingfield, two miles from the kennels of the Burston Hounds, and close to a number of golf courses, has had over £5,000 expended upon it in decorations and improvements in the last two years. The house is in the Tudor style, in grounds of 6 acres, surrounded by about 35 acres of parkland. There is every modern requirement, including central heating, and an electric lighting plant that lately cost £700. There are stables and a garage for two cars, and it may be worth while to add that the hay in a portion of the meadowland has averaged over £200 a year, and that, exclusive of supplies to the house, the garden produce last year realised over £180, including 1,500 peaches and nectarines. Messrs. Golbie and Green are entrusted with the sale of the freehold.

Potter's Heath, Farmhouse, near Welwyn, and Beechdene, Chiddingfold, both of from two to three acres, have changed hands through the agency of Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co. North Kilworth Hall, a hunting box of 18 acres, remains in the hands of Messrs. Howkins and Co., whose auction at Rugby resulted in withdrawal at a final bid of £3,000.

An old Elizabethan gabled house with oak panelled rooms, and 5 acres, illustrated in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE last week (page xxviii), will be submitted at Shrewsbury on October 3rd, by Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen, Limited, who are to sell the contents on October 17th and 18th. Known as Whitehall, the house has been run as an hotel in the last three or four years, but is now to be closed as such. It was referred to by an old writer as "a famous howse."

Messrs. Whitton and Laing have disposed of Feniton Court, East Devon, 23 acres; part of Feniton Court Barton Farm, comprising 60 acres (partly in conjunction with Messrs. Callaway and Co.); Kingsford, Holcombe Burnell, a farm of 135 acres; and other country houses, and premises in Exeter, for just over £50,000.

Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., have submitted Lady Shelley-Rolls' Llangattock Manor estate, near Monmouth; a property near Lydney, known as The Warren; and, last but not least, the historic and beautiful estate of Prinknash Park. ARBITER.



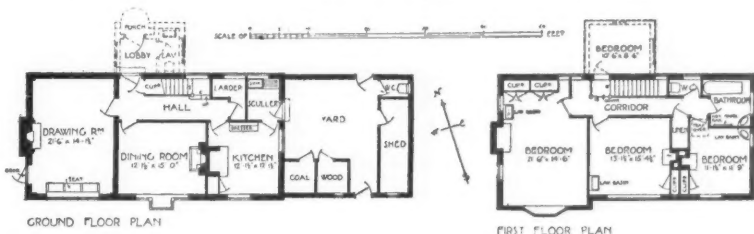
ONE'S general estimate of a house is formed at first glance, but often it is modified or corrected by facts that are elicited later. A certain feature may seem queer, and one may wonder why it was introduced into the design, but afterwards it is accepted as logical and satisfactory when one learns that this feature has a specific purpose. It is useless also to attempt to gauge the merits of a house in relation to any fixed standard, because local conditions (and very possibly the personal requirements of the client) are determining factors, and these must be known first. This is exemplified by the house now illustrated. Here the requirements were for a house of a character similar to that of an old English cottage, with a thatched roof; and while fair accommodation was needed, economy in cost was essential. Another controlling factor was the local material available for the house. It was to be a brick house, with half-timber introduced into it; but the local bricks available were of a displeasing colour and texture. The architect (Mr. John D. Clarke) decided therefore that the best treatment would be to use ordinary stocks, these to be whitewashed up to first-floor level and cement-plastered above; the division between the two being marked by a double course of roofing tiles. One might have asked—"Why not have tile-hung the upper storey?" And the answer would have been that if this had been done the owner would not have got what he wanted—a white house: moreover, it would not have been so economical as plaster. Again, why does a portion of the south front overhang? Because it was desired to have the



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ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

FIRST FLOOR PLAN



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SOUTH FRONT.

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best bedroom larger than the drawing-room. And why put a bay window in the best bedroom? To catch the early morning sun: and for the same reason one was put in the dining-room, plus getting a fine view to the west. These are some of the reasons which went to the making of the design, and they will suffice to indicate its main character.

Turning to its plan and arrangement, it will be seen that the front doorway leads into a small hall, off which are entered the dining-room and the drawing-room, the latter being the principal room on the ground floor; access to the service quarters being given from the opposite end of the hall. Above, at present, are three bedrooms with bathroom, w.c. and linen cupboard on the first floor; but on this floor another bedroom is to be provided in the projected new wing (indicated by dotted lines), which would include a porch to the front entrance. The roof space provides further accommodation.

As shown on the plan, the bedrooms have good cupboards, and each is fitted with a washhand basin with hot and cold supplies—a provision now commonly adopted. It is, of course, nothing new; such provision was made in houses in England



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DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



A BEDROOM FIREPLACE.

twenty years and more ago; but till quite recently in this country there was a prejudice against the arrangement: talk about its unhealthiness, etc. But that prejudice is, fortunately, fast dying out, its expiry being hastened by the saving in labour and the incontestable convenience which such fitted basins afford. So their use with us is likely to be as common as it has been for many years in America.

As regards construction, the walls of the house are of 11 in. brick and the roof is thatched with Norfolk reeds. The oakwork on the south front is no sham stuff, but genuine construction, finished with an adzed face, and displaying itself on the inside. The window-frames also are of oak, which has not been treated with oil and therefore has bleached

to a delightful silver-grey colour. This is a point which deserves emphasis, because, all too often, oakwork is spoiled by being oiled extensively. In the case of outside work this treatment produces first a yellowish tone and afterwards a lifeless black. The effect is similarly displeasing in the case of inside work, for, though oiling does not there turn it black, the surface becomes very yellowish and gummy-looking, and altogether loses that charm of silvery-grey tone which oak assumes when left to itself. Outside especially, nothing should be done to it. Inside, only rubbing with wax polish should be allowed; and even wax-polishing should be strictly limited in its application, if the beauty of the wood itself is to be preserved.

R. R. P.

AMERICAN CONDITIONS IN LAWN TENNIS

MR. TILDEN'S victory over Mr. Johnston in the American Championship, in which some of our own players took part, makes interesting the question of American conditions in lawn tennis. These appear to be so different from ours as to constitute a different game. If that is so, for an American to succeed at Wimbledon he must be conceding definite odds. But we doubt if an American in England carries the handicap of a foreign player in America. In the first place, the climate is different—it appears to induce in the newcomer that tired feeling which is not compatible with pursuing a lawn tennis ball as if life depended on it. And in America, much more than with us with our casual ways, everything conspires to suggest not only that the life of the player but that the lives of a whole people depend on the pursuit being successful. The welcome extended to players from other countries when they land in America implies that they are engaged on an International mission on which great issues depend. It seems to be everybody's business—and pleasure—to extend to them hospitality; and the least that the visitors can do in acknowledgment of the gracious reception is to respond graciously. I have never discussed this point with our lawn tennis players, and for all I know to the contrary those who have represented us recently may be keyed up by the attentions lavished on them to surpass themselves on the court. But on general principles it is doubtful if man or woman can employ energy on being a social success without diminishing the stock available for success with the racket. It is, according to temperament, a trying or entertaining experience to sit next at dinner to the man who has to make a speech when the plates have been removed. How absent he is!—his indifference when you commend the duckling is a reproof; and yet his lips may be seen moving mysteriously between courses. He is not smacking them, as would be natural, though not seemly; he is saying his piece. He is trying to do two things at once, and one of them has to suffer. Again, in America a lawn tennis match appears to be such a rigidly ordered battle. One reads of coaches giving advice, and in imagination conjures up the bottle-holders at a prize-fight; there is a stated interval

for recuperation, during which the protagonist is put through various restorative processes. For an American who has been brought up to them they are no doubt as welcome as the half-time lemons in a football match, and to dispense with them must be a handicap; but for the foreigner who reckons instinctively on playing his match through in one uninterrupted effort, they must be as disconcerting as is our tea interval to batsmen. The American ball does not bounce as ours does; and the applause—to the generosity of which visitors testify—has something unfamiliar in its quality. In fact, for good or for evil, American conditions differ so widely from our own that an American defeat in England or an English defeat in America does not afford a basis for a comparison of the players. Mrs. Mallory has won the Ladies' Championship of America six times. Mr. Tilden, who would be described in his own country as "some judge," states deliberately in one of his books that at her best she "is second to no woman now playing," and he goes on to anticipate "a terrific match in 1921 when Mrs. Mallory returns to strive to challenge Mademoiselle Lenglen for her title." She did reach the challenge round through the half of the draw which did not contain Miss Ryan, Miss McKane or Mrs. Peacock, but two games were all that she could win in two sets from the Champion; and this year, it will be remembered, she lost a close match against Mrs. Beamish, who subsequently failed to win a game from Mlle. Lenglen. On Mrs. Mallory's form in England and on the Riviera one would not have picked her as the best of the ladies after the Champion had been excluded; and yet in America she has had the better of our ladies in singles, and that without quite rising to Mr. Tilden's estimate, for in the final of the American Championship she seems to have been quite outplayed by Miss Helen Wills, the new American star. But as Miss Wills, on her recent showing, is said to be the equal of Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Wills does not count. What seems to be clear is that Mrs. Mallory is definitely more formidable on the courts of her own country. What one would like to know is whether Miss Wills is supposed to attain Mlle. Lenglen's American form or her European. The records suggest that there is a big difference.

E. E. M.